

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

+ NEWS +

No. 199.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR  
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**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**

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**ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.**

Sole Proprietor, B. Webster. Manager, F. B. Chatterton. Every Evening at 7, THE DEAL BOATMAN, at 8.15 FORMOSA. Messrs. S. Emery, L. Lablache, H. Russell, Edward George, J. Johnstone, D. Cox, and H. Sinclair, &c. Mesdames Leighton, Billington, Hudspeth, Alma Murray, Clara Jecks, Stemberge, E. Phillips, Kate Varre, &c. Prices 6d. to £4 4s. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily.

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**FOLLY THEATRE.**—Important Notice.

Saturday 8th December. Engagement and first appearance of Mr. W. J. Hill.—Production of PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY, a comedy in 2 acts, by Hermann Merivale; and the musical absurdity, entitled CRAZED.—Mr. Hill in both pieces, concluding with SHOOTING STARS.

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**OPERA COMIQUE.**—MORNING PERFORMANCE of the SORCERER, SATURDAY next, Dec. 1, at 3.0. Doors open 2.30. Children and schools half-price by payment at the doors.

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Proprietor J. B. AMOR

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## CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending Dec. 8.

Monday, Dec. 3—Orchestral Band.

Tuesday, Dec. 4—Play, BLOW FOR BLOW. Mr. J. Clarke, &c.

Wednesday, Dec. 5—Lecture by Mr. Dannreuther on the Harpsichord.

Thursday, Dec. 6—Play, £100,000. Messrs. Lionel Brough, H. Paulton, E. Bruce, &c. Orchestral Concert.

Saturday, Dec. 8—Winter Concert.

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WILL BE PUBLISHED ON DECEMBER 12th.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The replies to musical queries this week, arrived too late for insertion. They will consequently appear next week. In our reply to "Gorboduc," a misprint has converted *Wewitzer* into *Newitzer*. In our reply to J. M'Phun, the line "Nae danger can fear me ava," should be "Nan danger can fear me ava;" for *bretbren*, of course read *brethren*.

\* We are compelled to hold over the continuation of Mr. Wall's "Famous Players of the Past Century."

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

IMITATION may be the sincerest form of flattery, but we confess that we would rather be without such flattery as that which we have recently received at the hands of Mr. Henry Leslie, a promising young freebooter, whose father's Christian name is Frank, and whose pirate's lair is situated in New York. This young person has imitated us with a vengeance. He has started a paper called THE ILLUSTRATED DRAMATIC AND SPORTING NEWS, and he states, in reference thereto, that he hopes in the matter of the illustrations to be able "to rival the excellence of its able English namesake." Bill Sykes might just as fairly hope to rival the social standing of the merchant whose plate he has stolen. The title-heading of the new journal is neither more nor less than our heading, appropriated wholesale, and made suitable for the New York market by the transposition of the two words SPORTING and DRAMATIC. There is a portrait on the front page which is surrounded by a border, slavishly copied from our own "frame" or border, and the interior of the paper contains a "Captious Critic," under another name, which ambitious essay, on *The Pink Dominos*, is embellished with the veritable sketches traced or photographed from those which appeared in our own Captious Critic's notice of that comedy! We compliment Henry Leslie and his brother Scipio on their smartness. They have profited by a study of "the good old law, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can;" but they might, considering their training, have exhibited less poverty of invention. Probably there never was an illustrated journal that furnished more booty than ours has done to the journalistic pirates of America. We have seen drawings of coaching subjects by Sturgess reproduced in American journals, with American titles. The works of Dower Wilson, Matt Stretch, and our portraits are regularly laid under contribution. It was only the other day that a drawing executed for us by A. B. Frost, an American artist resident in this country, was reproduced in the *New York Daily Graphic*, as from "our (the Graphic's) own artist in the North of England!" Indeed, with the exception of the *New York Spirit of the Times* which recognises our right to deal with that which is our own, there are few illustrated journals in America devoted to Sport and the Drama that are not "managed" by rapacious pirates of the deepest dye.

WE publish, with the greatest possible pleasure, the subjoined letter from Mr. Henry Irving. It is clear, from his explanation, that the Edinburgh speech was not only an inoffensive-but a playfully humorous essay, and we are very glad indeed to be made acquainted with the fact. In common with a great number of our brethren of the Press, we felt it incumbent upon us to animadvert in severe terms on his criticism of the dramatic critics, and we are glad to hasten to offer him every apology for having done so, feeling satisfied that the spirit of his observations was grossly misconstrued by the Edinburgh gentleman who supplied his journal with the "report." Reading in last week's *Era* a report of the brief address which he delivered at Belfast, we were amazed to find that it contained this passage:—"I am, indeed, ladies and gentlemen, indebted to you, and I am also indebted to the Press of your town for the very fair, the able manner in which they criticised the performances I have attempted to give. The time and patience they have bestowed on them make me very grateful to them." Surely, thought we, this cannot be the tragedian who a few days previously expressed his contempt for the dramatic critics, and declared that he never read the papers.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, 26th November, 1877.

DEAR SIR,—My attention having been called to the report of a speech alleged to have been spoken by me at a public dinner in Edinburgh, in which newspaper reporters, and critics in general, are alluded to in insulting terms, I desire to have an opportunity of putting myself right with you and the members of your staff. The dinner referred to, at which I was present, was an entirely private one, to which I had the privilege of inviting any guest I chose. On that occasion the conversation turned on a scurrilous pamphlet which had preceded me in Glasgow, Dundee, and Edinburgh, where it was published, and which pamphlet I was then informed had been written by four Edinburgh reporters. After dinner my health was proposed, and in a jocose manner the way I had been treated by certain few members of the Press was alluded to. In my reply, having this pamphlet and its authors exclusively in my mind, I said in a bantering sort of way, that it was useless to consider everything that was written about one, as a dramatic critic was a man who required training, experience, and culture, so that his opinions would carry weight—that in every profession there were black sheep—and (still thinking of this pamphlet) I said, that dramatic notices were sometimes written by such people, and estimated their status by the lowest sums earned in their calling. I further said in the same vein, which the entire company, principally composed of literary and artistic men, thoroughly understood, that—of course I never read the papers—of course I never did this, and never did that, with many other frivolous things too ridiculous to mention; the tone, manner, and meaning being perfectly intelligible to any mind except the dullest. So greatly did I feel my obligations to the Press, that on the occasion alluded to, I turned to a gentleman who was invited to this dinner at my express desire, and thanked him for the kindly and able manner in which (as I thought and had been told) he had criticised me in a daily paper with which he was connected. This gentleman replied that the dramatic criticisms had not been written by him but by one of his confrères, whereupon I begged him to express my thanks to the writer of those criticisms. I then invited him, along with my other friends at the table, to supper during the following week. He replied that if able he would gladly come, cordially shook hands, and expressed his pleasure at our meeting. I should also say that "The Press" was proposed, and replied for in grateful terms by this gentleman. Judge of my amazement when on the following morning I read in the newspaper with which this gentleman was connected a serious, lengthy, and inaccurate report of the few jesting words I had said at this perfectly private dinner, and in that report no allusion whatever was made to the circumstances under which certain words had been said. These, Sir, are the simple facts of the case, and I leave it to you, and every member of a profession I so highly esteem, to say whether the treatment I received was justifiable. In nearly every city I have visited, I have been treated by the Press with the greatest consideration, kindness, and courtesy, and many of its members I number amongst my personal friends.

I am, &c., HENRY IRVING.

ON Wednesday the mortal remains of Mr. James Mott late superintendent of the A division of Metropolitan Police, were interred at Brompton Cemetery, the burial services being read, in the chapel and at the grave, by the Dean of Westminster. Colonel Henderson, and nearly, all the superintendents of the force, were present. Mr. Mott died on Saturday morning last, at King-street Police-station. "He was known," says the *Daily News*, and the perfect truth of the testimony will be largely recognised, "as an obliging, and, at the same time, thoroughly conscientious officer, and his administration at all the large races, the openings of Parliament, and on other public occasions, was marked with a degree of firmness, tempered with discretion, that often prevented disturbances among the crowds he had to control. He joined the police force in 1849, and was an inspector in the K division, and then superintendent at Portsmouth, and succeeded Mr. Walker as superintendent of the A division. He was in his forty-ninth year, and leaves a family, of whom Miss Emily Mott, the well-known vocalist, is one." No better officer ever existed. Few better men. In his quiet way, remote from the office and its responsibilities, he won, not only the esteem, but the affection of everybody with whom he had relations. An enthusiastic amateur musician (we believe he studied the violin with Mr. Fitzgerald, the musical conductor at the Folly), his dearest pleasure in life was to bask, as it were, in his daughter's successes as a vocalist. It seemed towards the last, as though it was for that alone that he lived. By the members of the metropolitan press it will be a very long time indeed ere the pleasant memories which they cherish of James Mott lose their verdure. We are told that Miss Emily Mott's annual benefit concert will take place, as announced, but, as might have been anticipated, neither she nor her younger sister will take part therein.

WE hear that a public company is about to be formed for the purchase of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, with Mr. Charles Calvert, so long honourably connected with the establishment, as manager.

IF everybody had his own, the name of Thomas Hood would be attached to not a few of the jokes which now-a-days "lend the lean"-ness of comic copy—so-called. Here is an example of what we mean, culled from the letter of "Our London Correspondent" in a Herts journal:—"Zimmermann on Solitude?" or, as some one wittily paraphrased it, "Zimmermann, By Himself," is a learned work which, before light literature became so exclusively the rage, was much read in this country, as well as in Germany." "As some one wittily paraphrased it!" Ah, well! it is forty-six years since "some one" wrote that witty phrase, along with upwards of seventy equally witty titles, "for a door of sham books, for the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth," and one need not marvel much to find the author's name forgotten. The title is even wrongly quoted by "Our London correspondent." This was Hood's—"The Life of Zimmerman. By Himself." How wondrously funny some of those titles are, to be sure! As, for example:—"The Racing Calendar, with the Eclipses for 1831;" "On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling. By Barber Beaumont;" "Lamb's Recollections of Suet;" "On the Connection of the River Oder and the River Wezel;" "Plurality of Livings with regard to the Common Cat;" "On Trial by Jury, with Remarkable Packing Cases;" "Rules for Punctuation. By a Thoroughbred Pointer;" "John

Knox, on Death's Door;" "Kosciusko on the Right of the Poles to stick up for Themselves;" "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" and "Hoyle on the Game Laws."

OUR privately-circulated contemporary, *The Theatre*, is angry with us, as we rather fancied it would be. But "the poor, fragile little sing" must not let its angry passions rise too much. Mr. Henry Irving might not like it, you know.

UNTIL we saw their names severally appended to puffs of "a magnificent rich and heavy Lyons Gros Grain Silk," we were unable to discover the uses of such greasy journals as the *Christian Globe* and the *Christian Age*. Now that they have set out on their noble mission—of puffery—it will not surprise us to find that, both in relation to Lyons Gros Grain Silk and other ornately advertised fabrics, "any lengths"—of Christianlike laudation—"will be cut."

IN the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, held at Westminster, before the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Justice Denman, Mr. Justice Field, Mr. Baron Huddleston, and Mr. Justice Manisty, the Queen v. Dodd, an appeal from a conviction at the Quarter Sessions for Lancashire was heard. No counsel appeared either for the prosecution or the prisoner, and the sole question involved in the legality of the conviction was whether a duck was "an animal" within the meaning of the Act. Mr. Baron Huddleston was of opinion it was; but inasmuch as three of the other learned judges pronounced it to be a vegetable, and the other two as stoutly maintained that it was a mineral—within the meaning of the Act—the conviction was quashed.

EVER since the *Spectator* delivered itself of those learned analyses of the style of Hammill, the Pittsburgh sculler, and the form of the Harvard crew, we have placed implicit reliance on the solemn statements of our painfully conscientious contemporary. In last Saturday's impression we find it announced that "Druscovich's salary, at the expiration of thirty-seven years of service, was only £276." Had the information reached us from any other source we should have hesitated ere accepting it as gospel. It is unusual in this country for a person to enter the police force the moment he is born.

IT really was a condensed report of a case concerning the right to possess about 12,000 acres of land, but it read like an invitation to warble. To wit—"Radna Proshad Singh! Dewan Ramcoomar Singh!"

ACCORDING to *The Tailor*, "part of a work by Colonel Baker on Turkey and the Turks, from political, civil, and military points of view, is already in MS." Really!

*The Theatre* laughs! Its merriment suggests to us the sounds produced by a bladder of dried peas attached to one stick and brandished by another.

HAS Mr. Whistler seen the Peacock Playing Cards produced by Messrs. Hunt and Co.? If he has not, he ought. In our opinion nothing so felicitous in colour and design—in Mr. Whistler's way—has ever been put on the back of a card.

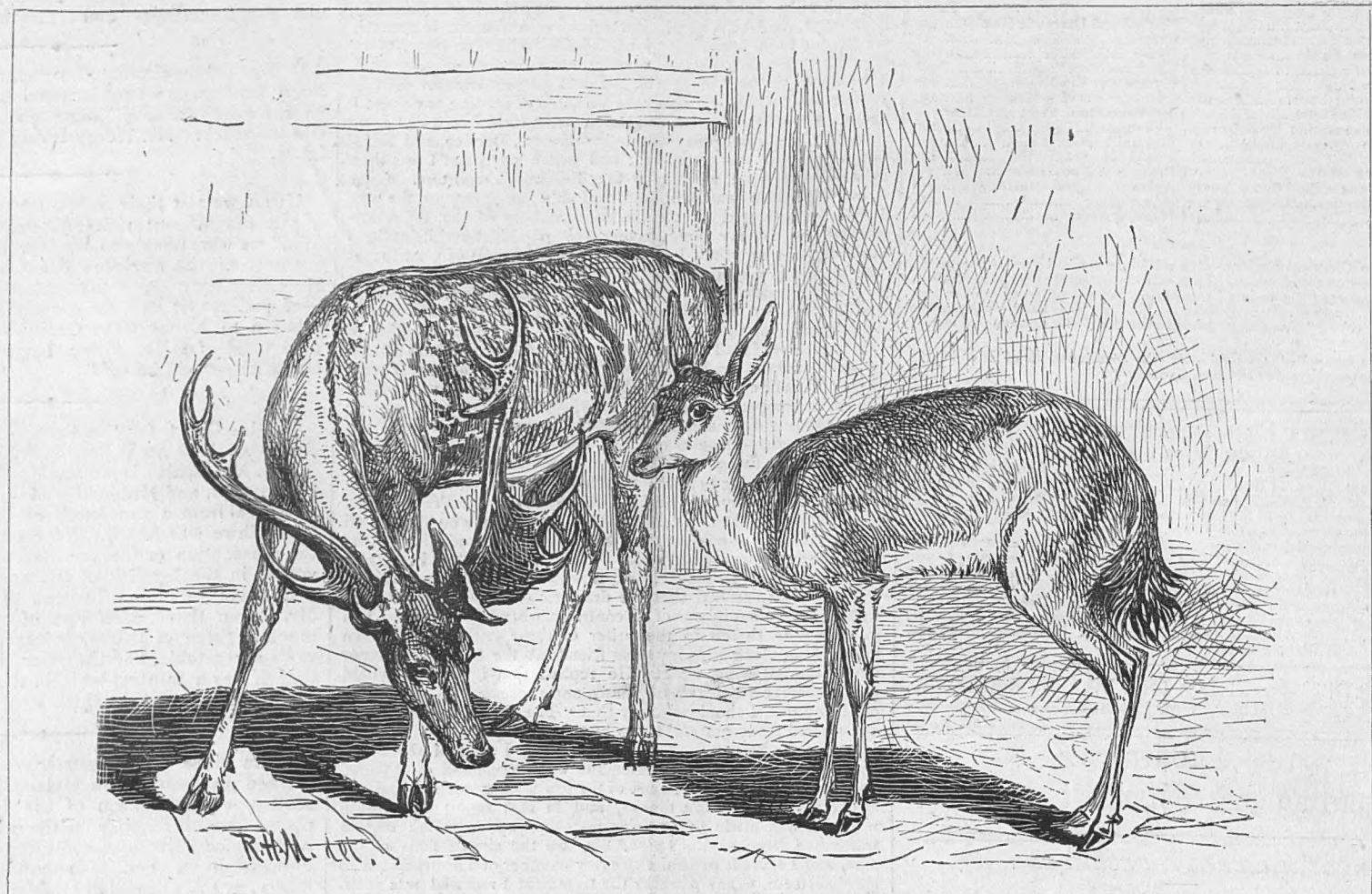
WE cut this from a suburban contemporary:—"In the Lecture Hall at Walworth, a few evenings since, there was a musical and literary entertainment of an exceptionally bright and lively description. One gentleman read 'Love in a Balloon,' another sang 'The Widow Macree,' and a third gave 'Did you ever catch a weasel asleep?' But there is a dark side to every picture. On turning over the programme, the reader found an announcement in large type, to the effect that his funeral, no matter on what scale of 'magnitude,' would, if desired, be 'inexpensively' conducted by the 'secretary,' who takes that method of announcing that he is also a 'furnishing undertaker.'"

NEXT WEEK'S issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Mdlle. Alwina Valleria, of Her Majesty's Opera.—"A Run with the Pytchley," by J. Sturgess.—The Theatrical House that Jack Built—No. 2, The Boxkeeper.—Sketches by "Our Captious Critic."—Ruffed Grouse Shooting in Pennsylvania, by A. B. Frost.—*Shooting Stars* at the Folly Theatre, by Dover Wilson.—Sketches from the Birmingham Dog Show, by R. H. Moore.—"The Jew that Shakspeare Drew," by A. H. Wall.—"Heathcock and Ptarmigan," a study from nature.—Scenes from famous plays, *Marco Foscari*.—Sport in the Black Forest, &c.

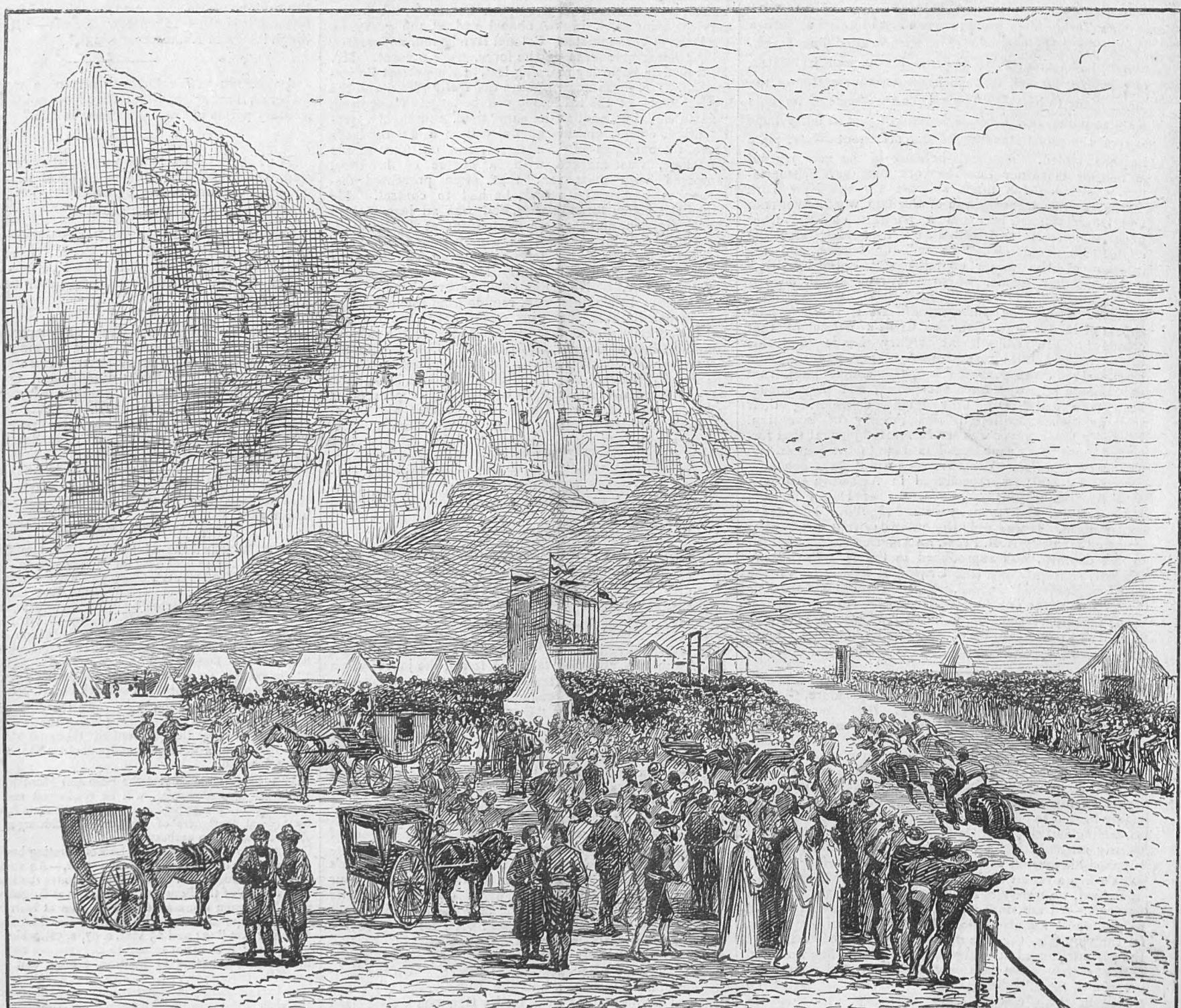
COLONEL HENDERSON says since the duty of dog catching was imposed upon the police (during the last ten years) they have caught more than a hundred thousand stray dogs. Last year 19,000 dogs were captured without a single case of rabies being detected.

It is fully expected that the Polo and Hunt Ball, which takes place on Thursday next, will be the largest and most brilliant fancy dress ball ever held in England. Tickets have been secured by several foreigners of distinction, including the Italian and Austro-Hungarian ambassadors.

THE following letter on the Law of Hunting has been addressed to the editor of the *Daily News*:—"Sir,—An anonymous correspondent, writing from the Temple, disputes the law stated by me as chairman of the Bench of Magistrates at Edgware in the case of some huntsmen summoned for a trespass at Harrow. The information in question was laid under 'The Malicious Injuries to Property Act' (24 and 25 Vict. c. 97, s. 52), which expressly provides that "it shall not extend to any trespass not being wilful or malicious, committed in hunting, fishing, and the pursuit of game." Before you give place to abusive letters impugning the decisions of judges or magistrates, you should at least require the writers to attest by their names that they know something of the law they question. I did not say that they could not be summoned for trespass.—Yours, &c., EDWARD W. COX, S.L."



ANTELOPE AND FALLOW DEER AT THE ZOO.



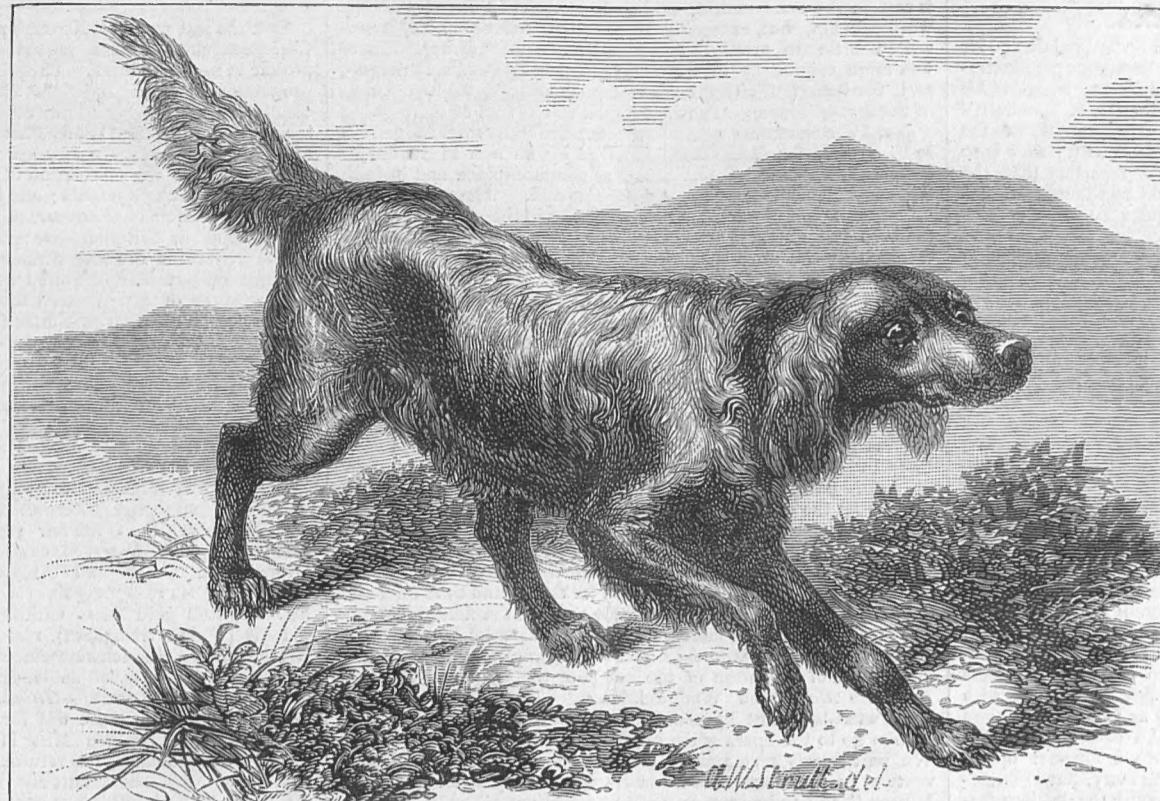
THE AUTUMN RACES AT GIBRALTAR.—(From Sketches by a Correspondent.)

## THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.

THIS well-known club gave an assault-at-arms in St. James's Hall on last Saturday evening, at which Mr. F. Dadd attended in the interests of this paper and made the sketches which appear on another page. The entertainment consisted in boxing, fencing, cavalry sword, lance, bayonet, and cutlass exercise, and attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. The most prominent features in the "show" were the boxing "bouts" between J. H. Douglas (middle-weight champion) and B. J. Angle, and Ned Donnelly and the so-called champion, Tom Allen. In this latter meeting Donnelly had decidedly the best of it throughout. Mr. C. G. Dudley's wonderful familiarity and dexterity with the Indian clubs drew forth rounds of well-merited applause. In Bayonet versus bayonet—comparatively a novelty—Trooper Ottoway and Sergeant Morgan went to work with a will, and the mimic fight at times seemed dangerously real. The second part of the entertainment commenced with an exhibition on the parallel bars by members of the St. James's Athletic Club. The quarter-staff exhibition by G. P. Rogers and Corporal Newton did full justice to the fine old English sport. The band of the First Herts Light Horse attended, and enlivened the proceedings with some excellent music.

A CASE was tried before the Common Pleas Division recently, in which the plaintiff (Mr. Taylor) was a veterinary surgeon at Loughborough, and the defendants were Messrs. Tattersall, of Albert Gate. The plaintiff sent six horses to be sold at Tattersall's, and two of them, which were described in the catalogue as "quiet in single and double harness," were sold subject to the conditions in the catalogue. Among these conditions were the following, that horses not answering the description in the catalogue might be returned within a certain time, and they should then be tried in the presence of the vendor and purchaser, or in their absence in the presence of the firm, the loser on the trial to pay the expense. The two horses, which were bought by Mr. Crowhurst, were returned, one because it reared and plunged violently, and the other because it jibbed in harness. The horses were tried at Tattersall's, and being found not quiet the purchase money was returned to Mr.

THE HON. J. H. LOFTUS'S SETTER, "NELL."

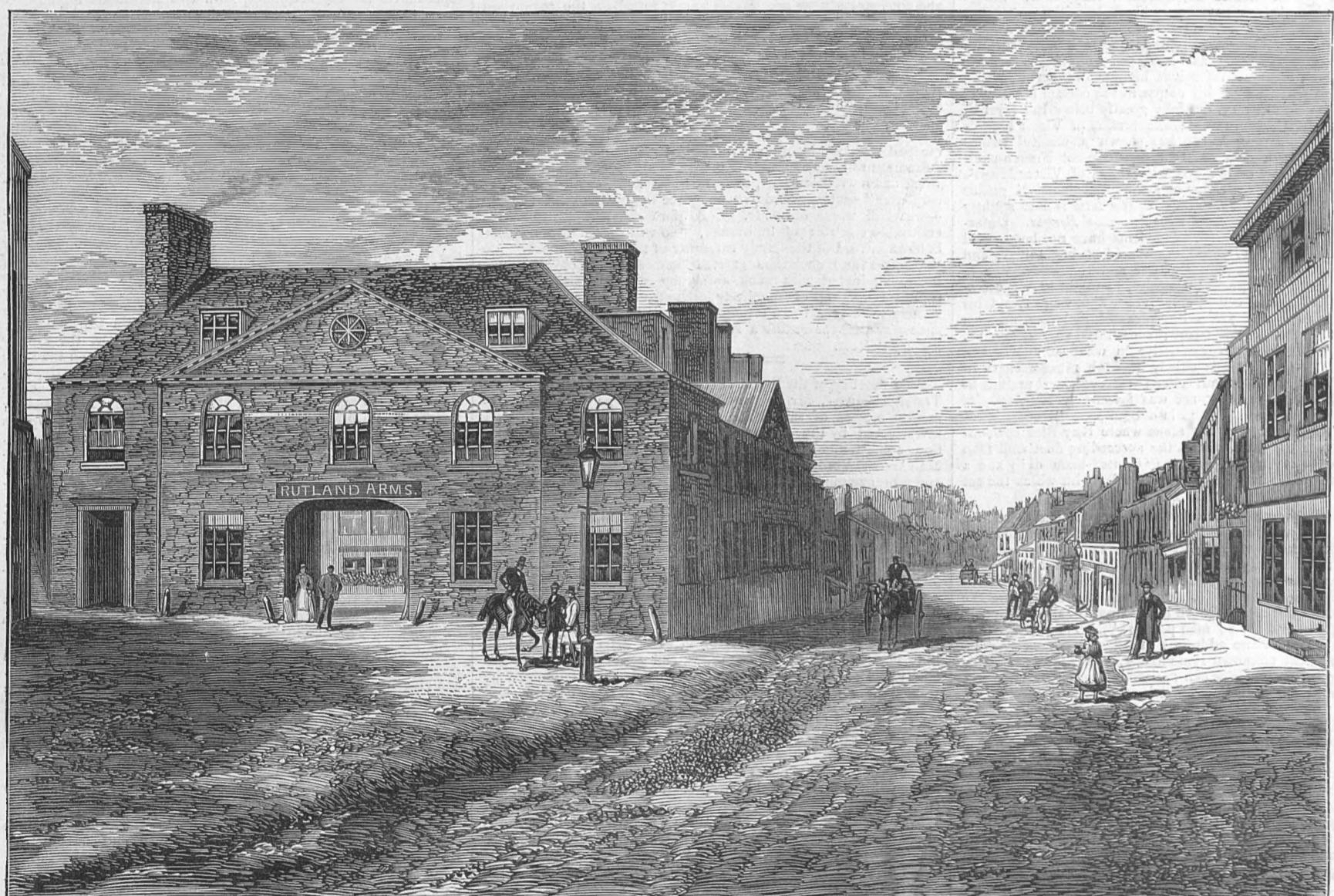


Crowhurst. The plaintiff subsequently contended that the horses were really quiet, and that the purchase money ought not to have been returned, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for £60. The defendants, however, contended that Messrs. Tattersall having decided that the horses were not quiet, and the plaintiff having himself for a time acquiesced in this decision, the matter was concluded and could not be reopened. The question now was whether a rule should be made absolute for a new trial upon the ground that the evidence had been improperly admitted and that the verdict was against the weight of evidence. Mr. Justice Grove said that it had been intimated during the argument that there had been no misdirection; and as to the other point, they thought there was fair evidence on both sides for the jury, and therefore the verdict ought not to be disturbed.

At the meet of the Fife fox hounds on Saturday at Scots-craig, a box of matches took fire in the pocket of one of the riders. His horse ran away and threw his rider, dislocating his shoulder, and causing other injuries.

cial speculation, is matter neither for surprise nor regret. Had it been a genuine attempt to test the comparative enduring powers of English and Mexican horses, it would have been even more to be condemned. In such a match the horses must necessarily be more severely taxed than the riders, and have not the same spirit of emulation to buoy them up, so that what is termed a trial of endurance is simply an act of wanton cruelty. As it was, there was nothing in the affair to excite pity for the horses, and the performance was only ludicrous in the extreme.—*Land and Water*.

IT seems very unfortunate that the attention once paid to the collecting of animals and their maintenance in Calcutta should no longer be considered possible. The genial character of the climate and the wonderful variety of animals, we should have supposed would have made the Calcutta collection the first in the world. The former viceroy of India, Lord Northbrook, took the Zoological Garden of Calcutta under his particular protection, but it seems that his successor, in view of the depletion of the Indian Treasury, has notified the Calcutta managers that they must no longer look to government help.



A FAMOUS NEWMARKET HOSTELRY.

OUR athletic sports are, it appears, as much under the rule to fashion as all our amusements in general are, and the ball once set rolling in any particular direction seems to be difficult to stop. At present fashion is all in favour of feats of endurance rather than of skill, and the miserable spectacle of a man struggling on day after day and week after week, in a solitary walk round a ring attracts more attention than a shorter but more legitimate competition would ensure. So long, however, as men confine their experimental feats of endurance to themselves, and can contrive to keep out of a lunatic asylum, we have nothing to urge against them, and they may continue to risk their lives and health for the sake of gain or fame without protest from us. But when they compel unfortunate animals to share, and in fact to bear the brunt of these experiments, it is time to discourage such useless, uncalled for cruelty. The late so-called "Fifty Hours Ride," which commenced on the 8th inst., in the Agricultural Hall, would have been an instance in point, had there ever been any serious intention to really make it a test of endurance either between man and man or horse and horse. That it was a failure, both as an exhibition and as a financial

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

AN important novelty was produced on Saturday last at Her Majesty's Theatre, and there could scarcely be a stronger illustration of the energy with which Mr. Mapleson conducts his "Winter Opera" speculation, than the production of Marchetti's four act opera, *Ruy Blas*, at a season of the year when the fashionable world is away from London. The British public is so accustomed to the repetition of a too familiar repertory that the announcement of a new addition to it would be thought a sensational "event" in the middle of the regular summer season. To bring out an Italian opera in London in the month of November is a daring innovation, and is probably the presage of innovations yet more startling. The success which has attended the current series of operas at Her Majesty's Theatre has been so great that we should not be surprised to see the arrangements of the next summer season framed on the same lines. Italian opera is no longer the exclusive enjoyment of the higher nobility. Any one who takes the trouble to inquire, may ascertain the fact that the greater part of the boxes and stalls at our two opera-houses are taken by representatives of the wealthy middle classes, and that the titled nobility are in a small minority. By dispensing with the necessity of wearing full evening dress, and by fixing 7.30 as the hour of commencement, Her Majesty's Opera would secure an enormous increase of public patronage, and might be independent of the limited circle of patrons upon whom our operatic managers will have hitherto relied. Whether *Ruy Blas* will be permanently successful remains to be seen, but it is an eloquent sign of the times when so elaborate a work is produced, with new scenery and costumes, at this season of the year.

*Ruy Blas* was brought out eight years back at La Scala, Milan. The libretto has been adapted by D'Ormeville, from the celebrated tragedy by Victor Hugo, familiar to English play-goers through the adaptation played in London a few years back, with Mr. Fechter as Ruy Blas, Mr. Walter Lacy as Don Sallust, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as the Queen. An operatic librettist, who endeavours to turn a five-act tragedy into a four-act opera, must necessarily condense the incidents of the story, but D'Ormeville has done his work well, and has preserved the leading features of the original drama. In the first act we behold Ruy Blas, Don Sallust's domestic servant, employed as the instrument of his master's revenge against the Queen, and, in the costume of a nobleman, introduced at court as "Don Cesare di Bazan." In the second act, Ruy Blas, who secretly loves the Queen, is introduced to her, and she discovers that he has been the mysterious sender of flowers which have daily been laid in her path. In the third act, Ruy Blas, now known as Don Cesare di Bazan, is seen in the position of Prime Minister, rebuking the selfishness of the royal councillors. The Queen, concealed in a closet, overhears his patriotic eloquence, and when his colleagues have departed, she emerges from her concealment, and thanks him in such glowing terms that he is carried beyond himself, and declares that he has been inspired by his love for her. The Queen confesses a reciprocal feeling, and—shocked at her own indiscretion—hurriedly departs. Don Sallust enters; reminds Ruy Blas of his real position, and of his oath of fidelity to his master, and compels Ruy Blas to present him as his kinsman at the Court ceremonial when Ruy Blas is decorated by the Queen with the order of the Golden Fleece. Don Sallust orders him to return to his dwelling, and await him there. In the fourth act Ruy Blas, heartbroken, resolves to confess everything to the Queen, and so to save her from the humiliation which has been prepared for her by Don Sallust. The latter, by means of a letter which he has caused Ruy Blas to write, has induced the Queen to visit the latter in disguise, she believing him to be in peril which she can avert. The lovers have but just met when Don Sallust enters through a secret door, and threatens to denounce the Queen to her husband unless she will immediately sign a letter, applying for a divorce; in which case he will assist her to escape with "Don Cesare di Bazan." Ruy Blas, indignant at his master's treachery, avows his real position—snatches Don Sallust's sword from its scabbard—forces him into an adjoining room, and kills him. The Queen, outraged and scornful, treats Ruy Blas with disdain, and he takes poison. When too late to save him, the Queen forgives him, avows her enduring love, and falls prostrate on his corpse as the curtain falls. The music is agreeable in quality, but falls greatly below the level of the drama. In *Rigoletto*, the operatic version of Victor Hugo's drama *Le Roi s'amuse*, Verdi has shown a musical genius worthy of being associated with that of the great French poet. In Donizetti's setting of the operatic version of Victor Hugo's *Lucrezia Borgia* a similar display of sympathetic musical genius has been made, and Verdi's setting of *Hernani* is but slightly inferior to those of *Rigoletto* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Unfortunately for Signor Marchetti, his talents have not been equal to his ambition. Had he made more modest beginnings, and gradually acquired the sustained power and the knowledge of stage effect which only practice can give, he might have successfully encountered a task, which, eight years ago, was beyond his powers of achievement. He writes pleasant melodies, and his orchestration is always satisfactory; sometimes very enjoyable. But there is nothing fresh or distinctive in what he writes, and when he produces effect it is chiefly through reminiscences of Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Gounod. The short orchestral prelude in F is well written, and the first act was favourably received. It contains a poor barytone song ("Piu d'ogni bene"), some effective phrases for the tenor in the scene where Ruy Blas contemplates the Queen's portrait, and in the succeeding duet with Don Sallust, a well orchestrated quartet ("Conte, buon di") and a tuneful chorus ("Alla vaga è pia donzella"), with which the act concludes.

Act II. commences with an effective chorus for female voices, followed by the Queen's aria ("O Madre mia"), a melodious, but not original melody in E flat, 2-4 time, sung by Mdlle. Salla a note lower. The lively mezzo soprano air ("C'era una volta una Duchessa"), sung by Mdlle. de Belocca, and the chorus ("Quando l'aügel del bosco"), sung behind the scenes, are the best things in this act. The Queen has a long scene, commencing with a recitative ("Sola co' miei pensieri"). The passage ("O cari fior!") in which she addresses the flowers which she has received from some unknown sympathiser, was accompanied by delightful orchestration, in which the violins and oboe were prominently employed. The slow movement ("Larva dorata"), in G 3-4 time, and the succeeding allegro ("Che dissi? Ahime!"), were melodious, but ineffective, because devoid of real sentiment, and the accompanying orchestration was more interesting than the vocal melodies. The unaccompanied quintet in E flat ("E desso!") afforded an excellent opportunity for both musical and dramatic effect, but nothing came of it, and the absence of orchestration was felt to be detrimental, instead of being—as in such cases it should be—a welcome temporary relief. The defiant duet between Ruy Blas and Guritano ("Oh! son pazzo di givia!") was sad commonplace, but at the conclusion a magnificent *ut de poitrin*, sung by Signor Fancelli, secured applause. The final terzetto in A major, between the Queen, Carilda, and Don Guritano, contains some agreeable passages, especially that in A 6-8 time, commencing "S'o prego ed invoco," in which the Queen cajoles Don Guritano into departure on the eve of his intended duel with Ruy Blas.

Act III., which should have been the strongest, is musically the weakest. The long duet between the Queen and Ruy Blas is cast in the usual mould, and no fault could be found with the workmanship, but, excepting in the final duo ensemble, it presented little to arouse the sympathies of an audience. There was more originality in the passages sung by Pedro, Fernando, and Guritano ("Finch è a noi restar concessa") in the opening of the second scene. The final march was devoid of interest.

Act IV commences with a long recitative ("Svarriti i sogni!") in F. minor, for Ruy Blas, followed by an aria in F. major ("Mortale affanno il core," which is common-place and insipid, but was superbly sung by Signor Fancelli. The sprightly air ("Il duca o qui verrà") sung by Casilda, and the succeeding duet ("Meco vorreste") in F 2-4 time, sung by her with Don Sallust, were among the most successful numbers in the opera. The terzetto between the Queen, Ruy Blas, and Don Sallust, and the air ("E ricco, e bello") in E flat, 3-4 time, sung by the last-named were quite unworthy the situation; and the final duet between the Queen and the lover, who sacrifices his life for her sake, was an anti-climax. The genius of Victor Hugo prevents the opera from sinking into inanition, but Signor Marchetti has shown more temerity than wisdom in associating his feeble music with so grand and terrible a drama. Having completed our copious analysis of the work, we have only to add that Mdlles. Salla and Belocca, Signor Fancelli and Signor Galassi honourably distinguished themselves, that the minor parts were satisfactorily filled, that the orchestra was less efficient than useful, and that further rehearsals would have been advisable; that the mise en scène was excellent, that new costumes and scenery were obtained from Milan for the occasion, that the reception of the opera was favourable, and that when performed for the second time on Tuesday last, it went much more smoothly than on the first night.

Mdlle. Marimon has increased her hold on public favour by her performance of Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento* last week, and her wonderful execution of the songs of the Queen of Night in *Il Flauto Magico* on Wednesday last. If any one desires to know what is meant by the expression "finished vocalisation," let him go to the opera where Mdlle. Marimon sings florid music. We particularly recommend this course to the wiseacres who venture to pronounce unfinished singers "equal to Patti and Nilsson," and to impute discreditable motives to critics who understand the subjects on which they write, and are more anxious to give information to their readers than to flatter artists or curry favour with managers.

*Der Freischütz* was announced for Thursday last, too late for notice this week. To-night *La Sonnambula* will be repeated.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The opening concert of the forty-fifth season of the Sacred Harmonic Society was given at Exeter Hall yesterday week. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was the oratorio selected for this occasion, and was performed by the choir and band of the Society (numbering nearly 700 altogether), with Mdlles. Edith Wynne and Patey, M.M. Vernon Rigby, Chaplin Henry, De Lacy, and Santley as principal vocalists, Mr. Willing as organist, and Sir Michael Costa as conductor. The execution of the oratorio was highly satisfactory, and the choral music went better than usual. The soprano voices were apparently more numerous than last season; at all events, the soprano notes were more effective. Improvements have been made in the organ, which is less harsh and obstreperous than heretofore, and permits the singers to be heard. It is needless to give details respecting the performance of the well-known work. All parties concerned worked zealously, and the large audience appeared to be more than contented with the treat prepared for them.

## FOLLY THEATRE.—"SHOOTING STARS."

An English adaptation of Hervé's popular opera, *L'Œil Crevé*, was produced last week at the Folly Theatre, under the title of *Shooting Stars*. The author of the adaptation withheld his name, and consequently we are unable to say to whom the public are indebted for this feeble version of a lively piece. Luckily it was out of his power to destroy the charm of Hervé's music as effectually as he had spoiled the French libretto; and although a gross injustice was done to Hervé by interpolating extraneous pieces into a work professedly composed by him, and in other ways distorting the original opera, the bright, sparkling melodies exerted their olden witchery, and while people's heads were nodding to Hervé's tunes, the wretched English libretto escaped with mild contempt. Mdlles. Cameron, Monroe, and Beaumont sang and acted with grace and spirit. Mr. J. Howson, as Pouf, had a wretched part, and Mr. F. Mitchell, as a "mysterious carpenter"—interpolated into the piece by the English adapter—was still worse off. Mr. C. Ashford did his best to render endurable the rôle of Palisandre, who was turned into a coarse buffoon instead of the dandy carpenter of the original piece. All the actors and choristers exerted themselves zealously. The band, conducted with much ability by Mr. Fitzgerald, gave a capital rendering of the lively orchestration; the dresses and scenery were bright and tasteful, and the quality of the performance may perhaps ensure a success for the piece in spite of its literary defects.

AT a meeting of the Royal Humane Society, held at the offices, Trafalgar-square, Mr. Hawes presiding, a large number of remarkable cases of saving life in various parts of the world were investigated by the committee, and rewards of different descriptions conferred. The silver medallion was unanimously voted to Miss Grace Vernon Bussell, a young lady, only 16 years of age, and a bronze medallion to Samuel Isaacs, her black servant, for saving life under the following circumstances:—On December 1st last the screw steamer *Georgette* sprung a leak at sea in a gale off Cape Lewin, during a voyage from Fremantle to Port Adelaide, and was stranded at a place called Kaldagup, about eight miles south of Wallcliffe House, the residence of Mr. A. P. Bussell, and 50 miles from the township of Basselton, Perth. Hearing of the accident, Miss Bussell, attended by her black servant, rode on horseback down a very steep cliff at full speed to the scene of the disaster, and found the boat capsized in two and a half fathoms water, and the passengers clinging to her. Miss Bussell lost no time in riding her horse into the sea, and after the greatest difficulty at length succeeded in reaching the boat accompanied by Isaacs, and with as many women and children clinging to her and the horse as possible, she made for the shore, and placed them in safety, the man Isaacs afterwards returning to the boat and saving a man who had been left. There was great danger of the horses being overturned by the fierce surf. Had this been the case, both the animals and their riders must have been lost, as the backwash is something fearful on the steep coast where the accident occurred.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to personal attraction, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, preserves and imparts a perl-like whiteness to the teeth, eradicates tartar and spots of incipient decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasant fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVR.]

FREEDOM FROM COUGHS, AND A COMFORTABLE NIGHT'S REFRESHING SLEEP BY LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Mr. John Pearson, 97, York Street, Wolverhampton, writes:—"I had no sleep for five weeks till I tried Dr. Locock's WAFERS, and I have had such relief to the cough that I could not have believed." Sold at 1s. 1d.

## THE DRAMA.

FOR the last week in November, and so close to the eve of Christmas changes, the theatrical world has been unusually prolific in notable events. The principal of these—comprising the production at Her Majesty's Theatre for the first time in this country, on Saturday night, of Marchetti's opera, *Ruy Blas*; the re-opening of the Duke's Theatre by Miss Violet Dacre, with Mr. Calvert's spectacular arrangement of Lord Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*; the production of an Irish drama, entitled *The Omadhain*, at the Queen's; and the revival of the late Mr. T. Robertson's comedy, *Progress*, at the afternoon performance on Saturday, at the Criterion—are noticed in detail below.

The repetition of *The School for Scandal* at the Gaiety Matinée, on Saturday, acquired additional interest in the return to the stage of Mr. Walter Lacy, whose spirited and vivacious impersonation of Charles Surface greatly enhanced the merits of the representation. The comedy will again be repeated this afternoon, and on Saturday next, for the last time, Mr. Walter Lacy appearing on both occasions as Charles Surface, and Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter Teazle; the cast of the other characters continuing as before.

At the afternoon performance at the Globe, the programme consisted of a revival of Messrs. Romer and Bellamy's comedy *Flirtation*, first produced in July last, and *Isaac of York*. The comedy is admirably interpreted by Miss Rachel Sanger and Miss Emma Ritta as the fair young damsels, Cissy Morley and Alice Leith, and Messrs. Macklin and Warren as their respective lovers, Jack Rollop and Archie Terry, young subalterns in General Sir Hawley Leigh's (Mr. Charles Collette) regiment. Mr. Righton and Miss Clifton, as the irascible middle-aged Adonis (Major Shoreshot) and the young ladies' aunt, Mrs. Brayley, afforded much amusement, and were very favourably received by a tolerably full audience.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—*Guinea Gold* was at length withdrawn, on Friday night, to make way for Mr. Willis's historical play of *Jane Shore*, with which Miss Heath, after a successful tour through the provinces, has returned and revived here on Saturday night, with some entirely new scenery, painted by Mr. Julian Hicks, and with a few important changes in the cast, which, however, is as efficient, and in some respects better, than when the play was first produced at this theatre last winter. Miss Heath resumes her original character, and delineates the trials and sorrows of the discarded favourite and repentant wife with all the earnestness and touching pathos which have so often enlisted the sympathies of audiences. Mrs. Alfred Mellon again gives full effect to the part of Queen Mary. Mr. Charles Warner, now appears as the wronged husband, Henry Shore, and Mr. William Rignold, the new John Grist, is exactly suited by his style for the sturdy and bluff but kind-hearted baker of Cheap-side. The play, most liberally and picturesquely remounted by Mr. Gooch, and admirably acted throughout, has met with a renewed success. The revival is only for four weeks, as a new play, entitled *Efinella*, in which Miss Heath will appear as the heroine, is announced to be produced at Christmas.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.—Mr. Wybrow Robertson has introduced an agreeable variety to the afternoon performances at this theatre, by inaugurating a series of operas (in English), sustained by competent vocalists, well trained chorus, and excellent orchestra, under the conductorship of M. Isidore de Solla. The operas alternated during the week with the dramatic representations, and commenced on Monday with *The Trouvatore*, very satisfactorily rendered, Madame Arabella Smythe, and Miss Palmer sustaining the respective roles of Leonora, and Azucena, and Messrs. Fabrini, and George Fox those of Manrico and the Count di Luna.—*The Bohemian Girl* was represented on Wednesday, the part of Arline being sustained by the accomplished Madame Rose Hersee, and this afternoon Guonod's *Faust* will be performed.—On Tuesday, Thursday, and yesterday *The School for Scandal* was represented for the last times, with two alterations in the cast from last week, in consequence of the termination of the engagements of Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Stirling, Mr. W. H. Stephens succeeding the former as Sir Peter Teazle, and Miss Maggie Brennan, the latter as Mrs. Candour.

At the Crystal Palace, the modern comedies now in course of representation, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, are proving greatly successful. On Tuesday, Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terreau's *Love Wins*, with Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. Denison, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Blanche Wilton, and Miss Eastlake, in the principal characters, gave great satisfaction; and on Thursday, Mr. Byron's *War to the Knife* was selected for performance.

The Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the performance of *Henry Dunbar* at the Olympic Theatre, on Saturday evening.

The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), accompanied by the Crown Prince of Hanover and the Marquis of Lorne, attended the Royalty Theatre, on Friday evening last week, and on Wednesday the Princess and Marquis visited the Gaiety Theatre.

The morning performances to-day will again be numerous, taking place at as many as seven theatres, viz., at the Gaiety Matinée, *The School for Scandal* will be repeated, with the same excellent cast as before; Mr. Gilbert's new farcical comedy, *Engaged*, will be represented at the Haymarket; *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville; *The Pink Dominos* at the Criterion; *The Sorcerer* at the Opera Comique; *Faust*, the third of the series of Operas in English, at the Aquarium Theatre; and at the Globe, Mr. Clifton, the acting manager, takes his benefit, and offers an interesting programme, which will include the comedy of *Speed the Plough*, which was so favourably received on its revival recently at Drury Lane, on the occasion of The Theatrical Fund benefit. The principal characters will be sustained by Messrs. E. Righton, Ryder, Edgar, Charles Collette, and Marius, and Miss E. Ritta, and Miss M. Litton. Mrs. Stirling will give a recitation, and Messrs. Righton, G. W. Anson, and Miss Constance Loseby will aid with vocal contributions.

Miss Eloise Juno returns this evening to the Surrey, where she appears in her popular character of "Jeanie Deans." The Drama of *East Lynne* will be included in the programme.

To-night Mr. Charles Hengler opens the grand cirque in Argyle Street, for his annual season of equestrian performances and elegant nursery tale spectacles, which have been so welcome and popular here with juveniles, for several years past.

At the Aquarium Theatre, Mr. Coleman, the manager, takes his benefit on Monday afternoon, when he has provided a very attractive programme, comprising Mr. Burnand's *Musical Box*, supported by the Gaiety company, an act of *The Pink Dominos* by Mr. Charles Wyndham and the Criterion company, and *The Trial by Jury* by the cast of the Strand Theatre.

On Monday evening *The Grasshopper*, a new comedy in three acts, by MM. Meilhac and Halevy, will be produced at the Gaiety.

At Drury Lane the representation of *Amy Robart* will terminate next Saturday, the 8th inst., owing to the preparations necessary for the Christmas pantomime, *The White Cat*, written, as usual, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, illustrated by Mr. Beverley's scenery, and in which the Vokes family will appear, and which is to be produced on Boxing Night.

At the Folly *The Creole* will be performed for the last time next Saturday.

Next Saturday afternoon, the 8th inst., *Still Waters Run Deep* will be presented at the Criterion Theatre, and *The School for Scandal* will be repeated (for the last time) at the Gaiety.

#### CRITERION THEATRE.

The first of a new series of morning performances was given at this theatre on Saturday last, when the late Tom Robertson's well-known comedy, *Progress*, was represented in such a thoroughly effective manner, both as to general smoothness of *ensemble* and the individual excellence with which the different characters were interpreted, as to give the utmost satisfaction to, and elicit continuous demonstrations of approval from, the very numerous audience who attended, notwithstanding the miserably wet weather. The comedy, founded on *Les Ganaches* of M. Sardou, was originally produced at the Globe Theatre in 1869, with Mr. Billington as the young engineer, John Ferne; Mr. Henry Neville as the Hon. Arthur Mompesson, Mr. John Clarke as the doctor, and Miss Lydia Foote as the heroine Eva, and was revived no later than Tuesday week at the Crystal Palace, with the Criterion cast. To this preliminary revival is due the completeness of Saturday's representation. Mr. Charles Wyndham gave a natural and characteristically manly interpretation of the part of John Ferney, the young engineer, typical of modern progress. Mr. Edgar Bruce cleverly portrayed the different phases of the character of the Hon. Arthur Mompesson, first as the middle-aged conservative, vegetating and going to seed at his ancestral home, contemning and sneering at the vast changes effected by modern science and enterprise, and subsequently, when his visit to London arouses him from his prejudices and transforms him almost to another man. Old Lord Mompesson was an artistic study as represented by Mr. Charles Tritton. The bluff Bunnehorne found an amusing exponent in Mr. Harry Paulton, and the kind-hearted Dr. Brown could scarcely be better represented than by Mr. H. Ashley. Mr. George Elliott as Bob Bunnehorne, and Mrs. Stephenson as the envious and disagreeable old spinster, Miss Myrnies, lent useful aid, but the most charming feature in the performance was the Eva of Miss Eastlake, who had never previously been seen to so much advantage; her acting throughout was marked by great refinement, finish, and tender gentleness, characterised in parts by natural and quiet pathos, and in the great situation at the close of the second act, when the poor maiden, misled by the wicked falsehoods of Miss Myrnies, rushes out through the open casement to seek death in the snow storm, Miss Eastlake displayed unexpected dramatic force and intensity, and which elicited enthusiastic applause and a recall before the curtain. The second of this series of morning performances here will take place to-day with *The Pink Dominos*, to be followed next Saturday by *Still Waters Run Deep*, and by *The American Lady* on Saturday week, the 15th inst.

#### DUKE'S THEATRE.

This theatre re-opened on Saturday night, under the direction of Miss Violet Dacre, with Lord Byron's poetical drama *Sardanapalus*, re-arranged by Mr. Calvert, as a grand spectacular representation. In this version, which was first produced at Manchester about five years ago, and has since met with great success in other large provincial towns in England and also in America, Mr. Calvert has taken numerous liberties with the text in the shape of transpositions, omissions, and one needless interpolation of a scene, in which the neglected Queen Zarina and her rival, the beautiful Ionian slave and favourite of her husband are brought face to face, while the five acts of the original have been reduced to four. These alterations, however, which do not obscure the current or lessen the interest of the simple story of devoted love and self immolation, are not to be too sharply criticised when the object has been to render the play attractive as a magnificent spectacle. That this object has been attained is attested by the success which has already attended the play in the provinces, and this was confirmed by the rapturous applause with which it was received at the Duke's on Saturday night. No pains nor expense seems to have been spared to secure this result. The scenery has been painted by Telbin, Walter Hans, Groom, and Flynn from the illustrations to "Layard's Ancient Nineveh." The costumes have been fashioned from authorities in the department of oriental antiquities in the British Museum, and the incidental music has been composed especially for the piece by T. W. Charles, H. J. Sowerby, and Frederick Clay. As a magnificent spectacle, with its numerous imposing and picturesque processions of warriors, musicians, and dancing girls; its Assyrian cymbal dance, and ballet; the imposing grandeur of the scenery, the lurid and sensational scenic effects of the darkness, and thunder and lightning, which interrupt the impious festivities in the hall of Nimrod in the third act, and the terrible conflagration of the last scene, this version of *Sardanapalus* cannot be praised two highly; and while in most of these respects it fairly equals, in some it surpasses, Charles Kean's memorable revival of this play at the Princess's. The two tableaux—"The Royal Galley gliding down the Tigris," and "The Battle Field," are strikingly effective, and admirably managed and arranged. In the latter case, the changes made from the hall of Nimrod, just deserted by all except the anxious Myrrha, to the tableau of the battle-field, crowded with living figures in fierce and deadly contest, and back again to the empty hall, with Myrrha listening to the affray as before, are effected with almost lightning rapidity. The characters were uniformly well and carefully represented by artists, most, if not all of whom, are strangers to London, except Miss Gainsborough, who sustained the part of the lovely and devoted enslaver of Sardanapalus, the Ionian, Myrrha, with intelligence, refinement, and statuesque grace; and the four leading male personages, Sardanapalus, the King of Nineveh; Salemenes, the Queen's brother; the aspiring Mede, Arbaces; and his co-conspirator, the Chaldean soothsayer, Beleses, found judicious and adequately satisfactory exponents respectively in Messrs. Arthur Darley, Henry Moxon, J. Haining, and J. S. Wood. The play is well worth seeing, and is likely to have a long run at the Duke's.

#### QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The present management of this theatre, having candidly admitted that the change of name was a mistake, and that the drama, *Russia*, was an undoubted failure from the beginning, has wisely determined to revert to the original designation of "The Queen's," and withdrawn the condemned play, for which was substituted, on Saturday night, an Irish drama, entitled *The Omadhauin*. This latter turns out to be another version, by Mr. H. Plunket Grattan, of *Le Cretin du la Montagne*, long familiar here through M. Suter's clever adaptation, produced with great success many years ago at the Surrey Theatre, under the title of *The Idiot of the Mountain*, and in which Mr. Creswick displayed his great talent for character-acting in his subtle and powerful impersonation of the poor half-witted wanderer, through whose instrumentality a murder, for which an innocent man had been tried and acquitted, is eventually brought home to the real perpetrator. Although the leading incidents and general plot of *The Idiot of the Mountain* are mostly adhered to in the new version, the sustained interest which characterised Mr. Suter's adaptation has suffered considerably in needlessly

transforming it into an Irish melodrama. *The Omadhauin* is, however, well put on the stage, with some excellent scenery, prominent among which are "The Shebeen," where the action commences; the Omadhauin's home in the Black Valley; and the massive set of the pedlar Malone's cabin in the wild ravine of the Devil's Gap, in which several of the most stirring incidents take place, terminating in the timely rescue by Ulic, the Omadhauin, of the heroine, Norah Carroll, from the drunken pedlar, who is flung down the precipice by the brave Ulic. The action of the first two acts is brisk and exciting enough, but the interest greatly lessens in the third act, which is weak, tedious, and very confusing, in the clumsily constructed denouement. With the exception of Miss Henrietta Hodson, who gives a highly artistic and deeply touching portrait of Ulic, the Omadhauin; of Mr. Shiel Barry, as Michael Malony, the rascally smuggler and pedlar; Mr. Vollaire, as Miles O'Callaghan, the old miser and usurer, and Miss Carlisle as the heroine, Norah Carroll, there is little scope for acting in the other leading characters, though they receive full justice, and are elevated into importance by such competent artists as Mr. Hermann Vesin, as Kenneth O'Fergus, the arch villain of the piece; Mr. Arthur Stirling, as Patrick Carroll, the landlord of the Shebeen, who is wrongfully accused of the murder of the usurer, really committed by Kenneth O'Fergus; Mr. J. Billington as Sergeant Murphy, of the Irish Constabulary; and Miss Maggie Brennan, as the sprightly Irish lassie, Kathleen Shenan. The drama was preceded by the well-known comedietta (styled new? in the programme) of *Delicate Ground*, capably rendered by Miss Eleanor Buston, and Messrs. J. Billington and E. H. Brooke.

#### CHESS.

##### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S.—We are not culpable in the matter; all communications intended for us should have the address in full—148, Strand; owing to the number being omitted, several cards have gone astray, and only come to hand two or three weeks behind time.

T. LONG.—There is not the slightest chance of the players named resuming their unfinished match, or engaging in a fresh one. Mr. Blackburn declines, and very reasonably, to play hard matches in the winter, owing to his suffering so much from rheumatism and sore throat during the cold weather.

F. LAND.—Your proposed solution is not correct, as in reply to P to R 4, Black can take Q P with Kt, and then there is no mate next move.

H. W. T. (Magdalen College, Oxford).—Your solution of Problem No. 165 is correct.

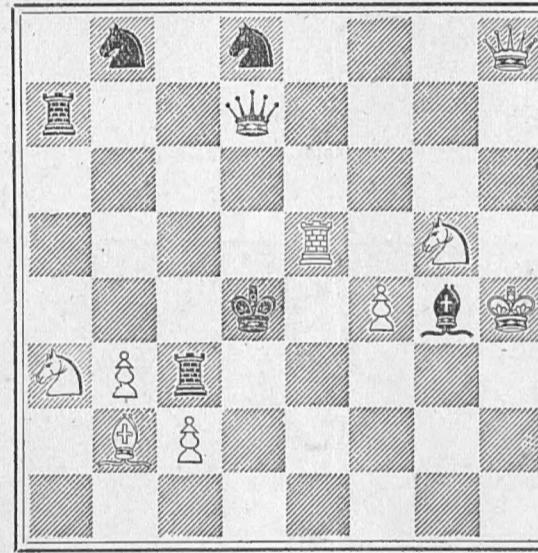
Solutions of Problem No. 164 by F. S. and S. W., are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 164.  
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to R 8 K takes K P  
2. R to R sq (or anything.)  
3. R to R sq  
4. R mates.

#### PROBLEM NO. 167.

By W. BOLT.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

#### CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

The following interesting game was played last week in the Handicap Tournament now progressing at the above Club:—

[Petroff's Defence.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Stevens)	(Mr. Beardsell)	(Mr. Stevens)	(Mr. Beardsell)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	26. Q to B 2	Q to B 5 (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	27. K to Kt sq	Q R to Q sq (f)
3. Kt to B 3	B to K 5	28. Q takes P	Q takes P
4. B to B 4	P to Q 3	29. B to Kt 3	K to Q 8 (ch)
5. Q to K 2 (a)	Castles	30. R takes R	Q takes R (ch)
6. P to K R 3 (b)	B to R 4	31. K to R 2	Q to B 6
7. P to K 3	P to B 3	32. Q takes P	Kt to B 4
8. P to Kt 4	P to Q 4	33. Q to K 4	Q to K 6
9. B to R 2 (c)	B takes Kt	34. Q to Kt 6	K to B 4
10. Q P takes B	Kt takes K P	35. P to R 4	R to B 3
11. B to K 3	Q to K 2	36. B to B 4	P to Kt 5
12. R to Kt sq (d)	Kt to R 3	37. P to Kt 4	Q takes P (g)
13. P to K R 4	P to K B 4	38. Q takes Kt	Q takes B P (ch)
14. Kt to Kt 5	P to B 5	39. R to K sq	Q to B 8 (ch)
15. Kt takes Kt	P takes B	40. K to R 2	Q to Q 7 (ch)
16. Q takes P	Q takes K R P	41. K to Kt sq	Q to Q 5
17. Castles	K to R sq	42. Q takes Q	P takes Q
18. P to B 3 (e)	P takes Kt	43. P to R 5	P to Kt 6
19. R to K R sq	Q to B 3	44. B to B sq	K to B 5
20. R takes P (f)	K takes R	45. P to G 6	K to K 6
21. K to R sq (ch)	K to Kt 3	46. B to Kt 2	P to Q 6
22. Q takes P (ch)	B to B 4	47. P to R 7	R to B sq
23. P takes B (ch)	Q takes P	48. B takes P	P to Q 7
24. R to Kt sq (ch)	K to B 3	49. K to B 2	P to Kt 7
25. Q to K 4 (ch)	P to Kt 4	50. B takes P	R to B sq (ch)

(a) P to Q 3; or Castling, would have been better.

(b) Good players like Mr. Stevens ought not to waste time by playing such objectless moves as this and the next.

(c) This loses a pawn, he ought of course to have taken P with P.

(d) Castling Q R, and then playing it to Kt sq, would have given him a more lasting attack.

(e) This is very clever, but not sound enough for a match-game.

(f) Much better than protecting the attacked pawn.

(g) Black plays this end game with considerable judgment; he evidently foresaw that by sacrificing the Kt, he would shorten the road to victory.

A CURIOUS and lively gamelet lately rattled off at Simpson's Divan, in less than five minutes:—

[Remove White's Q Kt—Evan's Gambit].

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. MacDonnell)	(—)	(Mr. MacDonnell)	(—)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	10. Castles	Kt to K 2
2. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	11. Kt to Kt 5	Castles
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	12. Kt takes R (a) K takes Kt	Kt to Kt 3
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes P	13. Q to R 5	K to Kt sq
5. P to B 3	B to B 4	14. P to K 5	Kt to Kt 3
6. P to Q 4	P takes P	15. P to K 6	Q to B 3 (b)
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3	16. B to Kt 5	Q to K 4
8. P to Q 5	Kt to R 4	17. P takes P (ch) R takes P	Resigns.
9. B to Q 3	P to Q 3	18. B takes Kt	

(a) This is very spirited and sound enough for an off-hand game.

(b) Suicidal; his safest course, perhaps, was to play Q to R 5, losing a piece, but effecting the exchange of Queens, and so relieving himself from his difficulties.

#### TURFIANA.

THE racing season has "gone out like the snuff of a candle," and, we are thankful to say, without leaving behind it many of those unsatisfactory odours which too frequently mark the extinguishing of the flame, and linger about the wick. Two or three rather questionable episodes we have had in connection with the eleventh hour scratchings and "workings" in the market, but from great scandals we have been singularly free, so that we should be thankful for small blessings. A great deal of this immunity from deliberately concocted robbery must be traced to the tendency of the age towards post betting, a system which effectually nips in the bud the best laid schemes of a racing "long firm," so conspicuous by its operations in days gone by. So we may turn over a new leaf without much fear or misgiving, and *spero meliora* may still be our motto for the season looming in the far distance.

Manchester and Warwick fought resolutely over the last bones cast down to *entrepreneurs* of legitimate racing, and it must be admitted, we fear, in spite of old experience and traditions, that Mr. Merry's nose was slightly put out of joint as the champion of Cottonopolis. At any rate, Warwick was not nearly so lively as usual, and we missed those large fields and heavy betting usually associated with the great meeting in the Midlands. Warwick cannot compete with the new-born Manchester Hercules in point of added money, which, after all, mainly draw owners in these days, when both major and minor forfeits go to the race fund, and there is no "bonus" beyond the stereotyped addition of a century. Clearly it will not do for caterers to be behind-hand in these days, when *prestige* counts for little or nothing, and when there is so much keen competition among clerks of courses to get their meetings in edgeways, in the present plethora of racing.

No sooner has the scare of an epidemic among horses, such as that which recently played such havoc at Mentmore, died away, than we are again frightened from our property by an outbreak of equally destructive nature in the Royal Paddocks at Hampton Court. Many explanations have been forthcoming of causes which led to the death of Favonius, Restitution, and a brood mare at Crofton, but if, as Dr. Shorthouse claims to have shown, all three of the victims succumbed to different diseases, all we can say is, that it is remarkable they should have contrived to make their attacks at the same time. At Hampton Court, from all accounts, there seems to be little doubt that all their deaths were due to the same cause, and we heartily condole with Colonel Maude and Mr. Scott for their great and irreparable loss in the demise of Viridis, who was rightly regarded as the corner-stone of the establishment. Things had just begun to mend in the Royal Haras, and it seems exceptionally hard that they should have to come down a peg at this juncture. It is hard to offer consolation under such circumstances, but a brother to Springfield will be one of the features of next year's sale, and the mare was in foal to Prince Charlie, not, perhaps, the happiest of choices, but probably necessitated by the unavoidable temporary withdrawal of St. Albans from active service last year. The Royal Stud will be pretty strong in sires this season, for, in addition to Prince Charlie, Winslow, and Pell Mell, old standing dishes at the Paddocks, it is certain that Springfield and Musket will be no unworthy substitutes for Young Melbourne and Trumpeter. So that the old place may still be said to be looking up, and now that so many seasonable changes have been introduced, there need be no apprehension of that apparently dreaded criticism, not altogether unjustified by the existence of shortcomings now happily abated.

The jockey honours list for the year is out, and with Fred. Archer as Senior Wrangler, and Constable as *proxime accessit*, it presents a similar appearance to the return issued last year. No very bright particular seems to have shone forth during the past season, though there is plenty of rising talent, while it is satisfactory to find names of old winners cropping up here and there to show that we still have a goodly leaven of well-known and approved good riders. Tom Cannon must, we suppose, now be included among the "veterans," and he is not likely to be lost to us just yet; while, on the other hand, Fred. Archer must soon have to give way to that unrelenting foe "adipose tissue." A season or two longer we may see him in the saddle, but there are small hopes of ripening into a Chaloner or an Osborne, neither of whom have ridden back so many winners to scale as of late years.

As at Westminster in the Law Courts, so with the Committee of Tattersalls, there seems to be a "block" of cases for decision, but it is to be hoped that the business of the year may be speedily cleared off, before a fresh array of disputes and wrangles crops up to occupy the attention of the "High Court of Racing Judicature."

Croydon seems to have started the steeple chase season successfully enough, though the fields were hardly of their usual large dimensions, and the ground was frightfully holding. Sir John Kaye has doubtless a clever horse in Citizen, and, for once in a way, we find a horse which has taken prizes as "best calculated to get hunters" not belying his pretensions, and it is evident the "hero of a hundred show yards" has not been decorated so often in vain. Of Citadel's whereabouts we are at present uncertain, but doubtless he will have a good season next year after this success, and as he has also shown his ability to get race-horses, he must be put down as a success, considering his chances.

Mr. Crawford's advertised sale drew together a large assemblage in the yard at Albert Gate, but they "came out for to see" but little, as reserves in many cases were not nearly reached, and only the "odds and ends" may be said to have changed hands. Craig Millar is still the same short cobby customer as ever, and we can call to mind no St. Leger winner of late years of such moderate calibre, if we except, perhaps, his predecessor Hawthorn. There is none of that grand racing-like stamp about him we are accustomed to associate with horses of mark, and no one cared to make any advance on 1,900 guineas. The sister to Musket is not very promising, save on the score of blood, and we could not help thinking Mr. Webster was rather going out of his way to purchase such riff-raff as was put down to him, if he aims at forming a really first-class stud. Blood may be all very well, but some regard should at least be had to shape and make, even if it be considered expedient to blot out all recollections of unsuccessful stud careers. Morning Star and Finis will probably succeed in paying their way in humbler spheres than the great Manton stable, and Mr. Leleu generally contrives to make something of the cast-offs he so frequently purchases. The two brood mares sold were no great shakes though Bianca is probably one of the best of the Weatherbits, and Carine is nicely bred, and comes of good running families. Of the other stock



SCENES FROM "THE SORCERER," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

# HUMOURS of the past MONTH

November  
1877.



The New Law Courts  
or what may occur  
if the Mason's strike  
continues



Lord Mayor's Show -  
Plaint of the Knight "Water  
water, every where, but not  
a drop o'drink."

Theatre Royal Dublin  
Mr. Gladstone in his favourite  
character of "Shorn the Post"

Sketch  
Nov.  
1877.

The Clerk of the Weather - leaves it to itself -

Cleopatra in the Condemned hold  
air, Fitzmaurice. - "She's got the Neeble"



## ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

ENTHUSIASTIC indeed, if not fairly touched in the upper storey, must have been those athletes, who took part in the race for the Spartan Harriers five miles steeplechase challenge cup, or the two miles handicap, of the London A. C., last Saturday afternoon, as the weather was such as one would not care to turn a dog loose in; nevertheless, both events did come off. The Spartan affair resulted in a victory for the holder, W. A. Tyler, who covered what was computed to be five miles over heavy country, in a pouring rain, in 31 min. 40 secs., beating C. F. Turner, by ten seconds, whilst the L. A. C. contest resulted, after a very tame exhibition, in the victory of F. W. Firminger, 75 yards start; by ten yards from B. Smith, 28 yards, the time being 11 min. 28 2-5 secs. In the evening the annual assault of arms of the L. A. C. took place at St. James's Hall, and proved as great a success as it possibly could be, the programme being at once a full and varied one. We have deal with this on another page.

At both the Universities, the athletic meetings are fast being concluded; they, however, call for but passing notice from me, the interest in the various events during the October term being mainly limited to the committee of either society, who of course are on the look out for promising neophytes, to train in anticipation of the more important contests of next spring. Christ's College, Cambridge sports were concluded on Saturday, but the stranger's hurdle handicap alone calls for notice, the final heat resulting in the victory of the scratch man Palmer, who cantered home first in 17 4-5 secs., W. Collier, Jesus, 4 yds. being second, and E. Baddeley of the same college, 2 yds., third, the other events, judged by the time test, were poor in the extreme. On Monday, Magdalene sports were held, the principal performer being G. A. Williams, who apparently is a fair all round man; the strangers' race, a two miles handicap, being taken by W. Collier, Jesus College, from scratch, in 10 min. 19 secs.; G. H. F. Vane, of Trinity, 60 yds. being second, beaten nearly fifty yds.; with H. J. Evans, Trinity, the other scratch man, third. The Peterhouse and St. Catherine's amalgamated re-union, took place on Tuesday, but nothing of merit occurred throughout the day, the strangers' handicap being won by W. Hough of Perse School, who with 30 yds. start, squandered his field, C. Buston, Emmanuel, 85 yds. being second, and W. H. K. Ward, Trinity, 35 yds., third. Unfortunately my correspondent states the official time was not taken, and is more to be regretted as a lad, who can lose the Cantab J. H. Lonsdale, at 20 yds., and E. B. Escott the Oxonian, who has been running as well this term at 15 yds., can be no bad performer, if he be not a "clinker."

Bicycling I have little or nothing to say about this week, but as a promise is a promise, it is only right that I draw attention to the fact that a bicycle union has been formed, the moving spirits in which appear to be Messrs. G. F. Cobb and Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, Cambridge University; M. D. Riicker, Jun., and F. Jolly, London Bicycle Club; J. W. Beningfield, and John Mixon, Pickwick Bicycle Club; F. Honeywell, Surrey Bicycle Club; and W. McWilliam, Temple Bicycle Club; whilst their object is:—Firstly, to secure a fair and equitable administration of justice as regards the rights of bicyclists on the public roads; secondly, to watch the course of any legislative proposals in Parliament or elsewhere, affecting the interests of the bicycling public, and to make such representations on the subject as the occasion may demand; thirdly, to consider the existing relations between bicyclists and the railway companies with a view of securing, if possible, some modifications of the present tariff for carriage of bicycles and greater security in their conveyance; fourthly, to examine the question of bicycling racing in general, and to frame definitions and recommend rules on the subject; to arrange for annual race meetings, at which the amateur championship shall be decided. Mr. Beningfield, Grafton Cottage, Hornsey, is hon. sec. The ideas promulgated above are well worthy of consideration by all bicyclists; and I only hope if they get a fair right of road they will keep it, and not annoy pedestrians on the footpath, as so many do now. To my mind the most satisfactory clause is the final one, but why bicyclists should not be willing, and come forward to run for the championship as it now stands, I cannot understand, since amateurs at all other sports have with one accord fallen in with the views of the Amateur Athletic Club on the question, but if the followers of bicycling prefer to be extra exclusive and have matters entirely in their own hands, they are quite welcome to do so as far as "Exon" is concerned. The second annual dinner of the Temple Club is to take place on Saturday next, at Anderton's, Fleet-street, at 7 p.m.; and the Middlesex Club decide, or rather partake of their annual feed, at 8 p.m. on Monday, the venue being the King's Arms Hotel, Kensington. There was some good racing last Saturday at the Trent Bridge Grounds, Nottingham, where gold, silver, and bronze medals were offered in competition over one mile, for amateurs only. After a number of preliminary heats, the final fell to A. H. Dobson, of Nottingham, who had 70 yards start; T. Mackenzie, Newark, on the same mark, being second, beaten about twenty yards; with T. H. Lambeth, Nottingham, 150 yards, third, only a yard in the rear of the second man. Time, 3 min. 26 1/2 sec. In addition to the foregoing, there was a professional race, distance three miles, for a silver cup, and this the scratch man (E. Gillott, of Nottingham) won by twenty yards.

Billiards have, as might be anticipated, looked up a trifle since my last, but ere I proceed to discuss the matches that have been decided, I may draw attention to a great breach of faith with the public on the part of the proprietor of the room attached to the Union Tavern, King's-cross, since, on Thursday evening in last week, for the third time, I, in company with several fellow-scribes, had the pleasure (?) of making a fruitless journey there, to witness two matches of 500 up, one with the spot barred; as, although the players, Jos. Bennett and S. W. Stanley, were present as advertised, the proprietor was wanting, this being doubly annoying to Stanley, who had declined another engagement at Oxford for the same evening. Richard took his brother's place and opposed Fred. Shorter in a game of 1,000 up, and the best of seven games at pyramids at Beechey's rooms, when the latter, whose best break was 213, won the billiards by 247 points and the pyramids by the odd game. On the next evening, Stanley contested a similar match with Shorter, and in the billiards was easily defeated by 310 points. "Fred's" finest run being 202, but in the pyramids Stanley turned the tables, winning by four to three. Last Monday evening I paid a visit to Mr. W. Buck's popular saloon, the Mail Coach, Farringdon-street, to witness an exhibition of 1,000 between S. W. Stanley and Tom Taylor; at the commencement Tom had it all his own way, and confidently told his friends he should win easily; however, Stanley was in rare form (indeed, I have not seen him perform so well for months), and playing much the better game throughout, won virtually, as racing men would say, "in a trot;" this being partly attributable to Taylor going out of his way to insult a spectator who, he thought, had put him off the spot, when well set, by slamming a door; and losing his temper to such an extent that he never could "make a race of it, when collared." Play commenced at 7.25 p.m., in the presence of a well-filled room. Stanley giving a miss, Taylor followed suit under the right hand cushion, just below the middle pocket; but, although it was a "horse to a hen" against his doing it, Stanley brought down the house by making the

white loser; however, nothing more resulted from it, and it was not until Taylor had reached 55 to his opponent's 53 that anything worthy of special note occurred, but then the former, assisted by eighteen spots, ran up 87, and as he put in 32 (4 spots) and 28 almost immediately afterwards, whilst Stanley missed several easy shots, he took a long lead, being 216 to 78. Here Stanley went in for a good run, and by the aid of 43 chasse-pots manipulated 133 ere he came to grief. Taylor went on, and obtaining position for the spot seemed to be well set, but the unfortunate slamming of the door before referred to, lost him, as he stated, the ninth spot, and, moreover, his temper. Having the red left, Stanley was particularly busy, and forty-five of the dangerous hazards enabled him to run together 145. Two small breaks of 23 each and a 21 enabled Taylor to get as far as 327 to 368, when Stanley put in another well-played contribution of 94 (13 and 12 spots), which he supplemented, after a cannon by Taylor, by 288, which included three runs of 16, 35 and 38 spots, and in the middle of the break the interval, which lasted forty minutes, took place. It was palpable to all that although he occasionally came out with a good loser or cannon, Taylor "had his tail down," and excepting one run of 50 (15 spots) he never made another stand; whilst 129 (40 spots), and 80 (25 spots), enabled Stanley to reach 972 to 399, when he failed through a miscue. Taylor added three only, and then Stanley ran clean out, a winner by 598 points in one hour and forty-seven minutes, exclusive of the interval. The arrangements of the proprietor, Mr. W. Buck, were excellent, each seat being carefully labelled to avoid confusion, whilst everyone being enabled to find his own seat without trouble, those moving about, so annoying to players, were avoided to a great extent.

Mr. Barrett's handicap at the Pier Hotel, Chelsea, has been productive of some first class play, the game being 200 up, and the handicap open to local amateurs. In the second ties, Williams, 85 points start, beat Forge, 55, by 57; Lewis, 120, beat Whanslaw, 100, by 37; Walter, 75, beat Roper, 45, by one point only; Gordon, 10, beat Leyox, 130, by 28; Goss, 75, was unopposed by Batten, 55; Selmes, 110, beat Samuel, scratch, by 7; Mellish, 120, beat Strange, 120, by 5; Ward, owes 50, a bye. The third draw came out of the hat as follows:—Goss, 75, v. Walter, 75; Gordon, 10, v. Ward, owes 50; Mellish, 120, v. Lewis, 120; Williams, 85, v. Selmes, 110; and the result has been that Goss beat Walter easily, Mellish defeated Lewis by 49, Selmes beat Williams by 17, and Ward, owes 50, beat Gordon, 10 points start, by 70. In the fourth ties, Selmes and Ward came out victoriously, and therefore had to play off for the prize. Ward owed 50 in 200, whilst his opponent received 110 points start—a very heavy handicap, indeed. However, the top weight played very pluckily indeed, and once got within 60 points of Selmes, who from that moment held his own, and defeated Ward at the finish by 62 points. The loser deserves all credit for making such a good fight of it as he did, whilst the victor had evidently cleverly got on the blind side of the handicapper. Under the personal supervision of the proprietor, Mr. Barrett, the arrangements throughout have left nothing to be desired; whilst T. Spofforth marked and called the game with an accuracy and care not, unfortunately, so often to be met with as could be wished.

On Tuesday evening, the veteran, John Roberts, Senr., first champion of Great Britain, conceded 200 points in 750, to J. Reid, at the Grosvenor Street Billiard Rooms, and playing in rare form, the "old un" won by 57 points; but in a match, the best of five games of pyramids, Reid who, was in receipt of one ball, won easily; taking the first three games. An amateur handicap is taking place at the Perseverance, Vassall Road, Brixton, the performers being principally transpontine pencilers, but I shall reserve my remarks until the finish. Anyone desirous of meeting with a good company, and respect from the management, combined with a comfortable and well-adapted saloon, cannot do better than visit the one attached to the Pied Horse, Chiswell Street, City, occupied by Mr. Heath; where on Wednesday evening, I witnessed a most exciting game between George Collins, and a Peckham amateur, Mr. A. Davis, 1,000 up, the latter receiving 300 points start. Collins made two fine runs of 110 and 90, and the amateur, one grand essay of upwards of 100, including 44 spots, but I regret that I cannot go into particulars, as some kind friend during my journey home "eased" me of my note book, but I query whether any of the "rorty pals" of Whitecross Street or Golden Lane will be able to make any use of it. Speaking as I am throughout from memory, Mr. Davis won by 45 points in a little over two hours, a considerable amount of "ready" changing hands. The American Championship Match, being the eighth on the list, took place at the Tammany Hall, New York, on Nov. 13, it being estimated that 2,000 persons were present. The game was 600 up, and William Sexton, the holder, and Cyrille Dion, the players, the latter being beaten by 172 points.

Quoits, I don't as a rule take much notice of, but the closeness of the final half of the home and home match, last Saturday, between George Graham of London, and Ben Wilkinson of Newton Moor, at the Abbey Arms, Plaistow, calls for a slight paragraph. The conditions were that they should play a home and home match, of 51 shots up, for £20 a-side, with 8-inch quoits, stiff sticking clay ends, pins level with the clay, &c., the Londoner standing at 21 yds., and his antagonist at 18 yds. At the conclusion of the first half of the game, which was played in the North, Wilkinson had 51 points to his score agst 40 to Graham, and therefore the former was a strong favourite, slight odds being laid that he won the second half, and the match right out. However, he and his partisans were doomed to disappointment, as although at the 37th end, the game stood, Graham 27, Wilkinson 26, and at the fifty-sixth Graham 40, Wilkinson 37, (which owing to the latter having 11 points in hand, made the actual result of the home and home match a certainty for the countryman on paper,) the Londoner pulled himself together, and amidst the wildest excitement, won the game by twelve points, and the match by one. Rain fell in torrents, and it was quite dark when the final shot was made; the whole of the arrangements being carried out in the most sportsmanlike manner.

Football players don't seem to care a rap what the weather may be, and therefore last Saturday, despite the heavy rain which prevailed, the usual number of matches were decided in and out of London. Undoubtedly, the most interesting of these was that between the Rival Military Academies of Sandhurst and Woolwich, under Rugby rules, at the Oval, Kennington; when, after a well-contested affair, Woolwich, who were much the heavier team, won by three tries and three touches down to nil. A summary of the other competitions before me is as follows:—Hendon beat Runnymede by four goals to one; Brighton College defeated Hurst College by four goals (one disputed) to nothing; Eagles, the London Hospital, by a goal and seven tries to nothing; Leyton, Brentwood by three goals to one; Brixton, the Clarendons, who were short handed; Wolverton, the Alliance by two tries and three touches down to one touch down; the captain of the former, Stephens, also securing another try, which was disallowed. Clarence Rovers beat Arrow by one try to nil; Olympic, the Unity by a goal "to love;" Eaton Rovers and Dartmouth played a draw; Barnes second team beat Acton, who had not a full complement of players, by a couple of goals; St. Stephen's, St. Martin's by two goals to nothing; St. James's, Mars by one goal to nil; Arrows, Christ's College, Finchley, by two tries and five touches down to one touch down; Hampstead, the German

Gymnastic Society, by three touches down to "love;" Ealing Park and International College played a draw; and Reading lowered the colors of Windsor by two goals (Barnett) to nil; this last match being stopped at half time owing to the terrible gale blowing. A first rate match was also played at Stoke, in which the local team, to the surprise of their opponents, gave the 8th Cheshire (Macclesfield) Volunteers a regular thrashing, by five goals to nil; the Match Vipers v. Hertford College, Oxford, was postponed sine die. Hearing that many of my readers complain that their clubs are repeatedly left out, I must once more inform them, "one and all," that I do not hold myself responsible to give any particular match extraordinary publicity, unless it be an important one, but simply select them hap-hazard; should, however, the captain of any team deem it worth while to forward me the results of his matches before Wednesday in the same week—he can rely on being noticed.

It is with sincere regret that I have again this week to wind up my letter with an "In Memoriam." Two more well-known faces have left us, the first of these being Harry Killick, the popular Sussex Cricketer; a joiner by trade, he last Thursday started from home to attend to his business, went through his day's work, but in the evening, was observed to be coming down towards his employer's shop, into which he staggered, and falling down, as if in a fit, died instantaneously, he was forty years of age, and much respected. At the inquest, the medical evidence adduced, left no doubt that the actual cause of death was internal hemorrhage. The other death I have to notice, is one that will be or rather has been, regretted by followers of every branch of sport, viz., that of Superintendent Mott. The quiet but firm manner, combined with extraordinary evenness of temper, with which he carried out his duties, whether on a racecourse, athletic or cricket field endeared him to all, and amongst others to EXON.

## GIBRALTAR AUTUMN MEETING.

THIS unique race meeting came off at "Gib" on the 30th of October and 1st of November, respectively. It was well managed and largely attended. It was under the patronage of H.E. the Governor, and the following officers, amongst whose names one or two not unfamiliar to our readers will be found, conducted the business of the meeting:—Stewards: Lieut.-General Somerset, C.B.; Colonel Connell, R.A.; P. A. Larois, Esq.; Lieut.-Colonel Glyn, R.B.; Captain Shepherd, R.W.F. Judge: Lieut.-General Somerset, C.B. Starter: Captain Hutchinson, R.W.F. Clerk of the Scales: Major C. J. Hope-Johnstone, R.A. We are indebted to a valued correspondent, to whom we tender our thanks, for the sketch from which the drawing on another page has been made, and also for a copy of the local journal containing a report of the meeting.

From the latter we make the following extract:—"If fair weather, a large attendance and good sport could conduce to a pleasant day, yesterday was exceptionally favoured, and we think all our readers will agree with us in saying that yesterday was one of the most agreeable days we have ever spent on the pretty little Race Course at the North Front. The weather was simply perfect: a bright sun not too hot, an almost cloudless sky, and just enough of a breeze to make things pleasant, carried out the programme so far as the clerk of the weather was concerned; we do not talk of the weather from want of a topic, but because no one could fail to be struck with the glorious beauty of the day, crowned by a sunset which baffles description, and which must have made all things, even to the losers by the meeting, appear *couleur de rose*. As for the attendance, when we have said that every one in Gibraltar was there, we have made but a slight exaggeration; the stand was comfortably full, and a large crowd adorned the ropes. Some of the races proved to be rather hollow victories, but on the whole the racing was good, not the least exciting being the Scurry, which concluded the day's sport, and which brought out a field of twelve, who made a capital race of it, not more than a length separating the first three. Our respected Town Major pulled off the Spanish Maiden with Renardo, ridden by Mr. Le Blanc, whom, we believe, made his *début* as a jock on this occasion. In the Omnium Prince Charlie walked away from his competitors, coming in lengths ahead, though the heavy weight, with his five pounds penalty, spoiled his chance for the Gibraltar Stakes. Soudan showed temper, and refused to exert himself, otherwise we think the victory would not have been quite so hollow. In the Gibraltar Stakes, Riff surprised his friends as much as he did the public, his form in Spain not promising well for his chance to-day, but he succeeded in bring the stakes to his owner. The Rock Stakes was another easy victory, Baccarat cantering in, with Mail Train some lengths in his rear. The Calpe Stakes was struck out of the card, and an excellent substitute in the Scurry was provided. The 23rd R.W.F. replaced the Barb Maiden with a regimental race, producing six starters. The Miner, as we said in our impression yesterday, unfortunately arrived late, just in time to see the start." Thus much the first day. With reference to the second, the journal in question says:—"The Stand Plate fell a victory to Babieca, to whom Baccarat gave nearly 2 stone. The Straits Handicap turned out a match between Prince George and King Tom, the former having it all his own way towards the end, and winning easily. In the Grand Military, Soudan showed all his ugliness of temper, and absolutely refused to start, so that having kept them for some minutes, Molinero and Prince George were eventually despatched without him; we hear that Soudan is about to change owners, and believe his new master will make something of him yet, which is more than most people are able to do. For the Barb Stakes four started, Soudan among the number, Ducali, who stopped dead just before the post, allowing him to pop into second place. For the Spanish Handicap four numbers were hoisted, Riff again showing himself a good horse, and taking first place, closely pressed by Molinero and Gladiador, who, at one time, looked like winning, but the effort was too much for him, and he could not get beyond third. The Forced Handicap and Consolation Stakes brought the running to a close, the former being won by Babieca—the latter by Rush, who for once did not belie his name, but coming up at the finish with a tremendous spurt, landed the stakes."

A LETTER, in which the writer charges the Inland Revenue Department with neglecting to collect the tax on dogs is thus replied to by an inland Revenue officer, who says "I can prove from the nineteenth report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that this is untrue. According to that report, in the year ended 31st March, 1867—the the last in which dogs were charged under the assessed taxes at £2s—£231,630 was received, which gives 386,050 as the number of dogs charged. For the year ended 31st March, 1876, the number of dogs charged rose to £1,373,630, or an increase of nearly one million. The report states: "This shows an increase of more than 100,000 over the number charged in the previous year, and is more than three times the greatest number charged under the assessed taxes, which was 440,000. The increase although very satisfactory in one point of view, is at the same time attended by an enormous number of prosecutions, which we find it necessary to institute against persons who are discovered by the police or by our own officers to be keeping dogs without licence, and a vast amount of correspondence is caused thereby."

## MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

We have received from our valued "special," with the Fleet in Besika Bay, the following notice of the first performance of the above-named club, together with a copy of the bill of the play. We shall be glad to hear from him again.

## THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AMATEUR DRAMATIC COMPANY

Will make their very first appearance at this (or any other) theatre at 8 p.m. punctually.

The performance will commence with the side-splitting interlude of DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND;

To be followed by the favourite, entertaining, laughable, and instructive comedy, in one act, entitled

## PERFECTION.

The whole of this grand entertainment to be concluded with the wonderful, extravaganzical, and intensely musical selection from the world-renowned opera of *Génie de Brabant*, entitled

## THE BOLD GENDARMES.

Throughout the evening, at every available interval, the renowned Orchestra of this theatre will "discourse eloquent music" selected from favourite operas, &c., under the able direction of Signor Caraco.

At 8 p.m.,

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Mr. Heartley	Sub-Lieut. Woodhead
Captain Seymour	Mr. Braddon
Captain Howard	Lieut. Hall, R.M.A.
Trap	Lieut. Willcox
Trick	Lieut. Hill
Clay	Mr. Read
Charlotte Doubtful	Miss Nicholson

(Her first appearance in the Metropolis, though well known as an accomplished artist in the provinces)

At 8.45 p.m.,

## PERFECTION.

Sir Laurence Paragon	Commr. Jackson
Charles	(His Nephew) Major Shanks, R.M.L.I.
Sam	Lieut. Smith
Kate O'Brien	Miss Hamilton
Susan	Miss Marescaux

(Both from the Royal Raleigh Theatre)

At 9.35 p.m.

## THE BOLD GENDARMES.

Sergeant Whatshisname	Colonel Smith
	(Late of the Mexican Royal Cavalry)
Private Thingamy	Frebet Major Kox
	(Late of the Bottle and Jug Department, West Coast Militia)

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The first performance of the "Mediterranean Fleet Amateur Dramatic Club" took place on the 13th inst., on board H.M.S. "Alexandra," the Commander-in-Chief's Flag Ship, in Besika Bay, and turned out a complete success, the weather being fine (which is a rare occurrence at this time of the year in this part of the world), and a large "house" of officers and men turned up from the different ships of the fleet. A very pretty little stage had been erected on the Alexandra's upper deck, decorated with flags and trophies, and well lighted, making one for the time imagine himself at home on shore. At eight o'clock sharp the evening's entertainment was commenced by Major Shanks, R.M., of the "Agincourt," who read a prologue to inaugurate the first fleet performance, written expressly for the occasion, and alluding to local topics, the players in the pieces of the evening, &c., which was well received. The curtain then drew up upon the comedietta *Diamond Cut Diamond*, in which the parts of the two captains, Howard and Seymour, were ably sustained by Messrs. Hall and Braddon. Trap and Trick, the servants, represented by Messrs. Willcox and Hill, were really unsurpassable, eliciting roars of laughter. Miss Nicholson, of the Alexandra, made a very good Charlotte Doubtful. The guardian, Mr. Heartley, was represented by Mr. Woodhead.

Then following the comedy, *Perfection*, the characters in which were one and all really everything that could be desired. Captain Jackson as Sir Lawrence Paragon, Major Shanks as Charles, his nephew, and Lieutenant Smith as Sam, were capital. Nor must I forget the ladies; Miss Hamilton made a charming Kate O'Brien, and Miss Marescaux a coquettish Susan. The play between Sam and Susan especially "brought down the house." The duet, "The Bold Gendarme," from *Génie de Brabant*, by Messrs. Smith and Willcox, in character, was loudly and repeatedly encored, and brought to a close a most pleasant evening. We all hope it will not be long before we have the pleasure of seeing and listening to another representation by this club.

## MADEMOISELLE VITTORIA DE BONO.

THIS talented lady, whose portrait appears on our front page, may be called an artist from birth. Born in a town of Piedmont, "Alba-Pompea," from her very childhood she manifested great taste for music; she was constantly amusing herself with various musical instruments, but especially the violin, for her instinct taught her this was the most perfect instrument. She received several masters, enough to guide her natural disposition, and still a young girl, she was presented by the academy of music of her native town with the "Diploma di membro onoraria," only awarded to eminent musicians. Encouraged by this brilliant début, she went to Turin, and there her first appearance securely laid the foundation of her reputation. Since then, she has travelled in the principal musical towns of Italy, where she invariably met with the same success. Paris attracted her, and she was received there with enthusiasm, and she afterwards made many tours in the French provinces, returning after each to the French capital.

The Franco-German war came, and the noise of cannon silenced her violin in Paris. Then she visited London, where she made her first appearance at St. James's Hall, was received with great favour, and speedily became one of the most popular musical attractions of the metropolis. From London she visited the provinces, delighting large audiences in Scotland, Ireland, and every other part of the United Kingdom. It is hardly necessary to speak of the talent of this accomplished musician, it is so well known, the exquisite pathos she commands in *andante*, and the masterly way in which she executes the most difficult passages in the works of our greatest composers, has delighted critical thousands; she seems to realise the very thoughts and feelings which originated a great work, and to awaken in us novel ideas and sentiments even in those movements with which we are most at home and familiar. And all this is done without apparent effort. "Of her," says a correspondent, to whom we are indebted for some of the information given above, "when she played as a child at Alba-Pompea, it might have been said as of her mother-land, 'Si fara da se.'"

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORE never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is speedy and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. Its value is above all others; a single trial proves it. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN has for over 40 years manufactured these two preparations. They are the standard articles for the Hair. They should never be used together, nor Oil nor Pomade with either.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic and Hair Dressing of extraordinary merit for the young. Premature loss of the Hair, so common, is prevented. Prompt relief in thousands of cases has been afforded where Hair has been coming out in handfuls. It cleanses the hair and scalp and removes Dandruff. Sold by all Chemist and Perfumers.—[ADVR.]

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## CROYDON NOVEMBER MEETING.

The SELLING STEEPELCHASE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. About two miles.

Mr. A. Yates's br g Lothair (late Fenian), by Idler—Belle of the Ball, aged, 12st 3lb (£200)	Owner 1
Mr. Lee Barber's b f Zerlina, 4 yrs, 11st (£200)	J. Jones 2
Mr. W. Quartly's b g Anchorette, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (£200)	Duffin 3

Also ran: Cigarette, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (£200); Happy Thought, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (£200); Longford, aged, 11st 10lb (£200); Inchcape, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (£200); Silvermere, aged, 11st 10lb (£200). Even on Zerlina, 11 to 2 agst Lothair, and 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won by a neck; bad third. Not sold.

The MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs. One mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. W. Brophy's ro f Lady Pitt, by Plum Pudding—Frailty, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb (£200)

Mr. St. James 1

Mr. J. Jenkins's br c Wiseacre, 3 yrs, 10st (£100)

Spencer 2

Capt. P. Butler's b c Eurasian, 3 yrs, 10st (£100)

Baverstock 3

Also ran: Botheron, aged, 12st 8lb (not to be sold); The Rabbi, 4 yrs, 12st 3lb (not to be sold); Huntly, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (£200); Sir Peter, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb (£200); Caradoc, 3 yrs, 10st (car 10st 2lb (£200)); Lord George, 3 yrs, 10st (£200); Hope, 3 yrs, 10st (£200); Miss Newton, 3 yrs, 10st (£200). 3 to 1 agst Eurasian, 6 to 1 agst Lady Pitt, 7 to 1 each agst Caradoc and Botheron, and 10 to 1 each agst Huntly, Wiseacre, and Miss Newton. Won by three lengths; neck between second and third. Not sold.

The STEWARDS' STEEPELCHASE of 100 sovs; winners extra. About two miles and a half.

Mr. Gavacan's br g Moortown, by Caterer—Iphigenia, aged, 10st 11lb

Mr. St. James 1

Capt. A. Crofton's b g Abdallah, aged, 11st

Anthony 2

Mr. R. Barker's b g Number One, aged, 11st

Miles 3

Also ran: Alstone (late Whistler), 6 yrs, 11st 7lb; Foxhound, 6 yrs, 11st; Mimulus, 6 yrs, 10st 13lb; Ropedancer, aged, 10st 10lb; Amhantus, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb; Ludonais, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb; Brassey, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb. 4 to 1 agst Alstone, 5 to 1 each agst Moortown and Abdallah, 10 to 15 each agst Foxhound, Mimulus, and Ropedancer, and 8 to 1 agst Brassey. Won easily by ten lengths; about half a length between second and third.

SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, (winner to be sold for 50 sovs), one mile and a half, over six hurdles, was won by Mr. Cornwall's b f Marion Delorme by Marksman—Carline, 4 yrs, 11st (Jones) beating (by two lengths) Miss Newton, 3 yrs, 10st; Abel Miss, 3 yrs, 10st, and nine others. 2 to 1 agst Abel Miss, 5 to 2 agst Marion Delorme, 7 to 1 agst Challenger, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Three parts of a length between second and third. Sold to Mr. M'Evoys for 125 guineas.

The GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 300 added; winners extra; the second received 50 sovs out of the stakes.

About two miles and a quarter, over nine hurdles, 15 subs.

About 2 miles and a half, over nine hurdles, 15 subs.

Mr. J. L. Kaye's ch g Citizen by Citadel—Beauty, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb

W. Reeves 1

Mr. W. Burton's ch g Royal Oak II, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb

Levitt 2

Mr. G. Clement's b g Castle Wellan, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb

Lynham 3

Mr. Fitzroy's Woodcock, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb

J. Jones 1

Miss Graham's Genuine, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb

Anthony 0

Mr. Clifford's Sir Hugh, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb

Gregory 0

Mr. G. Brown's Palm, aged, 11st 3lb

R. L'Anson 0

Mr. C. Bush's Brown Holland, 6 yrs, 10st 11lb

Marsh 0

Mr. Randall's Rattleaway, aged, 10st 7lb

Mr. E. P. Wilson

Mr. L. Worms's Céramée, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb

Mitchell 0

Mr. W. Pearson's Lady of Avenel, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb

S. Daniels 0

9 to 1 agst Citizen, 11 to 2 agst Palm, 6 to 1 agst Sir Hugh, 10 to 15 agst Rattleaway, 100 to 12 each agst Castle Wellan and Brown Holland, 10 to 1 each agst Woodstock and Genuine, 100 to 6 each agst Royal Oak II, and Céramée, and 10 to 1 agst Lady of Avenel. Half a mile from home Royal Oak II took up the running, followed by Sir Hugh, Palm, Citizen, Woodcock, and Castle Wellan, but before reaching the last hurdles Sir Hugh gave way, and Citizen drew into second place followed by Castle Wellan. The last named pair challenged Royal Oak II, and although Castle Wellan could never get on terms, Citizen on the rails caught him in the last few strides, and won a fine race by a head; Castle Wellan was a bad third; Sir Hugh fourth, Lady of Avenel fifth, Palm sixth; and then a long way off came Woodcock, Céramée, and Brown Holland, Genuine and Rattleaway trotting in last. Value of the stakes, £400.

The METROPOLITAN STEEPELCHASE PLATE of 100 sovs; gentlemen riders; the second to receive 20 sovs. Three miles across country.

Mr. R. S. Cook's br g Confusion by Jupiter—Terre de Feu, 4 yrs, 12st (inc 7lb extra)

Mr. W. H. Johnstone 1

Mr. J. Davis's b g Boanerges, 5 yrs, 13st (inc 7lb ex)

Mr. J. Tyler 2

Mr. N. Mason's Charlie, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb

Mr. Morris 3

Also ran: Drummer Boy, 4 yrs, 12st (inc 7lb ex); York, 4 yrs, 12st (inc 7lb ex); 5 to 4 agst Confusion, 100 to 30 agst York, and 4 to 1 agst Drummer Boy. Won by a head. Bad third.

WEDNESDAY.

A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 50 added. Two miles.

Mr. T. Green's Anacreon by Vermont—Anecdote, aged, 11st 13lb (£70)

Mr. R. Walker 1

Mr. W. Gardner's Ranald, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb (£200)

Mr. W. H. Johnstone 2

Lord M. Heresford's Bounce, aged, 12st 7lb (£200)

Owner 3

Also ran: Miss Doubtful, aged, 11st 13lb (£70); Sir William Wallace, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb (£70); Tynemouth, aged, 11st 8lb (£70). 11 to 8 on Ranald, 5 to 2 agst Anacreon, and 10 to 1 each agst the others. Won by five lengths; a bad third. Lord M. Beresford purchased the winner for 200gs.

The WOODSIDE HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, 5 ft. Two miles.

Mr. Jessop's b g Boyne Water by Solon—Lyra, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb

E. Marsh 1

Mr. T. A. Huband's Dewdrop, aged, 10st 12lb

Mr. E. P. Wilson 2

Mr. A. Yates's Lothair, aged, 11st 2lb (inc 7lb ex)

Mr. Barnes 3

Also ran: Revenge, aged, 12st 4lb; Moortown, aged, 11st 7lb (inc 7lb ex); Number One, aged, 11st; Lady Pitt, 4 yrs, 11st (inc 7lb ex). 5 to 4 on Boyne Water, 4 to 1 agst Moortown, 8 to 1 agst Dewdrop, 10 to 1 agst Number One, 100 to 8 agst Lothair, and 20 to 1 each agst the others. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 40 added. One mile and a half; was won by Mr. J. Potter's Huntly by Palmer—Virginia, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb (owner); beating (by a neck), Somebody's Child, aged, 11st 12lb, Abel Miss, 3 yrs, 11st 5lb, and ten others.

4 to 1 agst Huntly, 9 to 2 each agst Elsham Lad and Eurasian, 10 to 1 agst Plebeian, and 100 to 8 each agst Somebody's Child and Bay Malcolm. Won by a neck; three-quarters of a length between second and third. Mr. Toon bought the winner for 155 gs., and Mr. J. Johnson claimed Elsham Lad.

A HUNTERS' STEEPELCHASE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, &c. Two miles and a half.

Mr. W. Morris

## PIGEON SHOOTING, &amp;c.

## GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

THE members of this club commenced their autumn campaign on Saturday last. Unfortunately the weather was very wet, consequently there was but a short attendance. Since the conclusion of the summer shooting great improvements have been made; the enclosure has been greatly enlarged, and a pavilion is in process of erection in the centre of the ground, from which the shooting will henceforth take place, the birds thus having the benefit of the wind. On the present occasion a silver cup, value £15, was given away out of the club funds, added to a sweepstakes of £3 each, at 27 yards rise, five traps, &c., which produced six entries; the second best shot to save his stake. Captain Forester

Leighton, one of the soundest shots in the club, won by bringing down seven speedy blue rocks in succession, and took the cup and £15. Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell and Captain Gordon Hughes each killed six out of their number and tied for second money, and in shooting off, bird for bird, Mr. Pennell won at the fourth round. Several other sweepstakes and minor matches were decided during the afternoon, the chief winners being Captain F. Leighton, Captain G. Hughes, Mr. C. Pennell, Lord Stormont, and Lord Westbury; and in the final contest, at three pigeons each, 30 yards rise, Lord Westbury and Captain F. Leighton tied, and in shooting off Captain F. Leighton won by scoring four birds.

## THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.

A very successful meeting of this influential club was held at Brighton on Monday afternoon. The weather was beautifully fine, and in most of the events there was a fair field of compe-

titors. Handicap and even distance sweepstakes; at 27 yards rise, were shot alternately, and although the birds were some of the best trapped this season, the average form was very good, the principal winners being Mr. Pelham, Mr. Denne, Mr. Grey, Mr. Troth, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sydney, and Mr. F. G. Hodson. On Thursday next, the day of the club's great annual fancy dress ball, there will be a special meeting, when a beautiful free silver claret jug will be added to an optional handicap sweepstakes, at six birds each.

## A FAMOUS NEWMARKET HOSTELRY.

OUR engraving of The Rutland and a part of the High-street of Newmarket will be at once recognised by all who have at any time made a visit to the metropolis of the Turf. It is not during the rush and roar of a busy day at Newmarket that its thousand



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 1. THE PORTER.

"Oh, this is the Porter who kept the stage-door;  
When sober he sulked, but when tipsy—he swore."

and one legends and old world associations occur to us. Then we are wanting to get a look at Springfield, or to get "on" Jangler, but now when the curtain has fallen, when Clark has deserted his box, when McGeorge has started himself, and the last light weight has weighed in and gone, can we walk down the old street or into the quaint courtyard of The Rutland, and give no thought to the dead and gone celebrities who once lived and loved and fretted their hour upon its stage.

How many stories might we not repeat of Neil Gwynn and the "Merry Monarch," of Cumberland, of Walpole, of "Old Q.," of George IV., Sam Chifney, Lord George Bentinck, and scores of others? but in how many books have not these stories been

recorded? After the coaching days, for a season The Rutland appeared to be sharing the fate of so many of the old posting inns; but under the skilful management of the late Charles Stebbing (a brother of William and Henry Stebbing, of Hambledon, Yorkshire), the house gradually regained its former prestige. Since his decease the business has been conducted by his widow and son in a liberal and judicious manner. "The Druid" writes of The Rutland by its old name, The Ram, and tells us the story of the Essex hounds getting on the slot of Lord Orford's stag four-in-hand; it was a near thing, and the great gates of the court-yard were barely closed when the hounds rushed down the High-street and found themselves balked of their prey.

## "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

VERY truly so saith the cellarer. No eye but his saw the doing of that monstrous crime; no ear but his heard that startling, woeful sound of dire distress. No matter! There is a besom to sweep the fragments of that fragile body into its hole of dust. A little saw-dust hides the stain of blood. A choice bottle more or less has never yet been missed from the holy father's well-stocked wine bins. So with—alas for his soul—no dread of confessional, the monkish cellarar taketh comfort in his dismay, as with arm and hand he holds more tightly the gay survivors, and sadly sayeth, very softly, to himself, "Dead men tell no tales."

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." There is in a tiny corner of the world's stage a far from brilliant exception to this assertion. At the Park Theatre, Camden Town, there is gathered together a band of actors and actresses who with a few exceptions are essentially amateurs, with a sprinkling of supers, that can scarcely rank amongst "players." I witnessed the performance of *The Great City* the other evening at this house, and if I had been prepared by a judicious training, say a course of performances at such houses as the East London Theatre, the Pavilion, and a dash of the Marylebone, I might have not only enjoyed but appreciated it. However as matters stood I was thrust in upon what I expected to find a rational house of Entertainment. This proved to be an error, for a more irrational affair than the cooking of poor Andrew Halliday's drama could not well be perpetrated. There will be no points left for the Christmas Clowning in Camden Town if these performances continue. From the first scene, when the heroine is accosted by three boon companions (a gay member of Parliament, a rollicking Irish officer, and a reckless Jew) down to the ornamental death of the Convict Mogg upon a sofa, the whole performance was something to be wondered at. The railway porter who brings on the heroine's luggage (a box about three yards square) having obliquely planted it right in the centre of the roadway, shrewdly suspecting that the scene behind him representing the Charing Cross Hotel was too small in proportion to himself, even had it been half a mile in perspective, quietly vanishes up the Strand on the O. P. side of the stage. The fair Edith is not long allowed the luxury of sitting on her box in the gutter, for lo, the three sad dogs



before indicated come on, and with gesture and wink notify that they individually purpose her ruin, especially the Irish Major. He seemed an awful rogue, and proved his accomplished man of the worldliness to a nicety when later on in the drama he left a party in evening dress, and during a walk of some twenty minutes appeared bending his steps homeward in morning costume. However his luscious blarney failed with Edith, as also did the unholy parley of the Jew—ah yes, the smooth and polished subtle naughty "M.P." Jacob Blount, for him was reserved the attention and thankful smile of the hapless maiden; and when one thinks of it how could a maid be heedless of such as he? His little beaver hat so playfully poised on the beautiful chestnut ringlets (which by the way were too big for both man and hat!) there! I cannot describe him farther, but have tried to give some faint presentment of him in a sketch. Truly Mr. C. Walton Chamberlain, with his sumptuous manner of bearing himself and mode of holding his cigar in a buttonless gloved hand, as he played the character of Jacob Blount, M.P., must have studied the rising legislation closely, on the very terrace of the House of Commons. He was too much for poor Edith, and as his honied words fell upon her ear, a passer-by quietly nimbled her box (how he managed to do it without shoving her into the orchestra I can't imagine). Her box being gone, and her lover not yet come, she puts herself under the care of that truly elegant but wicked man, Blount. No sooner had they followed the railway porter up the Strand, towards No. 45, than in walks Mr. Culver again. He had been on before, but as he was dressed in his own private costume of long frock-coat and low felt hat, which all who know the celebrities of the stage are so well acquainted with, I thought he had merely come on by accident, and did not take heed. He just passed across, and mentioned that there was "time

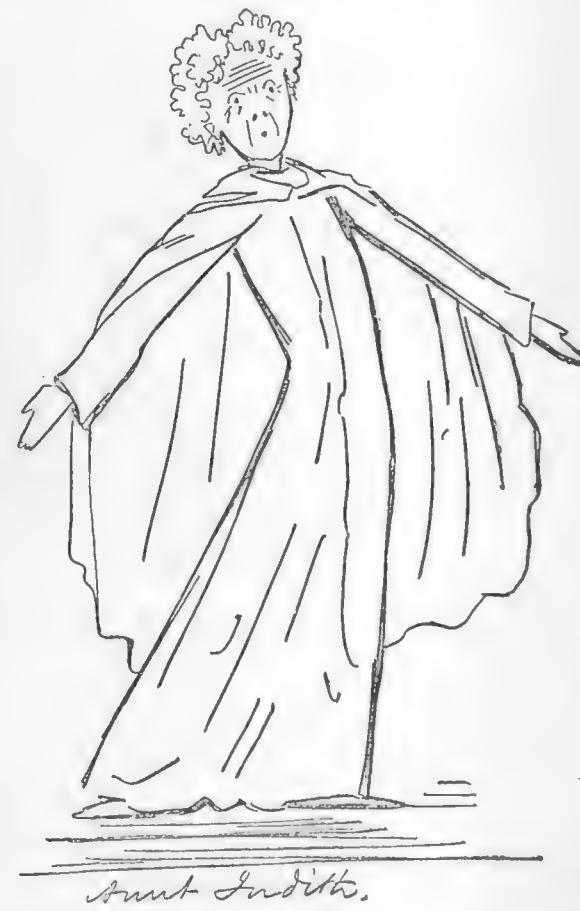


for another drink," and, as I thought, had gone to the Britannia, close by. But here he was back sure enough, and clothed as before in his own clothes, but not in his right mind, alas! He had come to meet his love, but too late, so he went on after the railway porter and Edith, and Blount, M.P., and no doubt found "time for another drink" at No. 45, thereby just missing them again on Waterloo Bridge. The Bridge scene was a joy for ever, on the part of author, scene-painter, and combined histrionic talent. Of course, as everybody who has visited the Surrey side knows, Waterloo Bridge is just the place where the most indigent forms of poverty do congregate, for the palpable reason that it costs them a halfpenny per head for the luxury of so doing; and for the simple reason that a cab pays 2d. for the privilege of crossing, loitering cabbies avoid the free bridges of London, and frequent this one. Therefore it is a matter of convenience to place the action of the piece on this particular bridge. I have, seriously, never seen in the whole course of my observation so many beggars on Waterloo Bridge, the genuine, as I did in three minutes on the Waterloo Bridge, the mimic, at the Park Theatre, and on any bridge in any part of London I never saw such a beggar as "Ragged Jack." When studying the proportions of the bridge, Mr. Johnstone overlooked the size of the recesses;



those of *The Great City* only seat two small boys, with much crushing, while those of London would comfortably accommodate two dozen!

The great drawing-room scene may next be recollected as marking the splendours of the production, "Belgravia!" (I quote from the bill.) That is the identical spot, and here are assembled a gay throng of youth and beauty. Several *jeunesse d'oré* are discussing their hostess; who is none other than Edith, now made rich by the bounty of her father, the outcast and apparently destitute Mogg. The young blood of society are speculating where she came from and what she can be. "She is a dairy-maid," quoth one. "What is that?" inquires another, with all the luxuriant drawl of an 'ighly finished gent. "Ah! I wememba, I once saw one in a dimity gownd." In this scene Mogg discovers himself to Edith as "her fawther!" and here Mr. M'Intyre gives out the one spark of dramatic ability of the whole piece; but, alas! it is too small a spark to illumine the long and dreary path of the eleven scenes that occupy the evening. Mr. M'Intyre is a good actor of the rough character line, and if Mogg had more action and less hanging about in this piece, no doubt he would do much to stir up an interest; but there is no chance. Just as he wakes up, or very soon after, he is cut off in the housetop scene while dangling from a rope, by the polished Blount, who has amongst other parliamentary attributes, the Mephistophelean one of being here, there, and everywhere through the piece, at a moment's notice. I am sure if Mr. M'Intyre only reflected, he would find that it must be impossible for a returned convict, however wealthy and eccentric, to walk about London in such a get up as he presents in Mogg:—Item, a most forbidding fur cap; item, an undressed sealskin



coat; item, a sailor's blue shirt, rather *décolleté*; item, a large and twisted tree; and item, a pair of dossy top boots, which any dandy sportsman might envy for the next hunt ball. I shrewdly suspect Mr. Convict would pay a visit to a slop shop at least, and find something to put on, or else suffer much inconvenience from the too close attentions of the police. I will say nothing of the "Jolly Beggars' Club," save that I am sorry to find on the bill that the characteristic dances (by the kind permission of Mr. F. B. Chatterton), are arranged by Mr. John Cormack. Through a "Board Room" scene into another "Room in Edith's House," into a garret, on to "Housetops by Night!" back to a "Chamber in Edith's House," and at last the curtain. Then a few uncomfortable thoughts regarding Jenkinson, a footman. Why is such obtrusive inability to be funny allowed even here? The Lord Chamberlain might find more than indecencies to excise from the stage. I have one lasting, and to me fascinating memory of the evening's performance; it was an incident in the Board Room, after the company had left—(all but the wily Jew). I am glad to find it on my programme, which I have marked and shall cherish—"Startling Information." It was the sudden apparition of Aunt Judith. She rushed on and shrieked out her little part like a demented Marionette, and was gone again. It was but for an instant, but there was more intense feeling and vivacity in these three moments of tragedy than I reckoned in the whole of the drama's length.

The Park Theatre is a good theatre, and the attendants in front are more civil and obliging than in many West End houses; there is also the advantage of a fine refreshment room, as large as an average café, and bright and cheerful withal, where one can smoke and drink coffee, or even, I was told, send out for supper; but what are these things when the performance is not good? Madame St. Clair should ponder that her constituents are within a twopenny drive of the best theatres in London, and that the average British playgoer is sharp enough to prefer a good performance to a bad one.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON.—A correspondent of the *World*, having recently called attention to the fact that Viscount Hinton was playing at the Metropolitan Music Hall under the name of Cosman, is told that there is nothing novel in that. "Mr. Cosman, who, by-the-by, is grandson of a Landport pilot, as well as son of Karl Poulett, was engaged years ago at the Surrey Theatre as a clown. The Viscountess was once a ballet-dancer, and is not ashamed of it, nor has she reason to be. I wish them both success."—Mr. Hermann Vezin came to grief in the Strand the other evening, being floored in the mud, but otherwise uninjured, through the carelessness of a youth in charge of a pony and cart. The *Era* tells us how, the name and address of the driver having been taken, he was asked by a bystander if he knew who his victim was. He confessed his ignorance. "Well, that is Mr. Hermann Vezin, the well-known actor." "Is it?" was the cool rejoinder; "I wish I had known that—I would have asked him for an order."—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), accompanied by the Crown Prince of Hanover and the Marquis of Lorne and suite, honoured the performance of *La Marjolaine* on Friday week.—The power of music to represent ideas (says a contemporary) has not often been better illustrated than in a criticism on Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera of *The Sorcerer* that appeared in an important daily paper of Monday last. Said the critic: "The time of *The Sorcerer* is the present day, and if music could speak a definite language the pretty little orchestral prelude used on Saturday night would tell us that, before the action of the play opens, Alexis, son of Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre, has won the heart of Aline, daughter of Lady Sangazure, and that the curtain will rise upon their formal betrothal in the presence of a notary and a large gathering of peasants." The "pretty little orchestral prelude," as luck would have it, was the overture to *Henry VIII.*, and did not contain a bar of music suggestive of what was to follow. There can be no mistake about this explanation, inasmuch as the overture to *The Sorcerer* was not even composed when the piece was produced. One does not blame the critic; no doubt he did his best."—Bach's cantata, "My Spirit was in Heaviness," will be sung, with orchestral accompaniment, at St. Anne's Church, Soho, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, every Friday evening during Advent, commencing December 7.—After the 26th December next, St. George's Hall will be under the entire management of Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain, and will as hitherto still be available for amateur performances, concerts, &c., on the afternoons and evenings not devoted to Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment.—Mr. Jener Shee will read and recite from French, English, and American Poets, Orators, and Humorists, on Saturday, the 1st instant, at 20, Prince's-square, W.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, with a numerous suite witnessed *Henry Dunbar* at the Olympic Theatre on Saturday.—Hengler's equestrian entertainment will open on December 1st.—A benefit in aid of the General Theatrical Fund has been organised for Saturday, December 15.—Mr. E. Clifton's benefit takes place at the Globe to-day (Saturday).—The subject of Messrs. Sanger's Christmas pantomime will be Johnny Gilpin's famous ride, for which they have engaged Mr. E. Sidaway France.—In the Alexandra Palace pantomime the Payne family will again appear.—*The Turn of the Tide* will be reproduced at the Olympic Theatre on the 22nd of December.—The Raglan Music Hall is to be pulled down.—On Wednesday evening the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, accompanied by a numerous suite, honoured the Globe Theatre with their presence.—The Westminster play will this year be *The Adelphi*.—On Boxing night Miss Heath will appear at the Princess's Theatre in *Home from Fairy Land*. *Jane Shore* has been as successful at this house as it was when first produced there.

PROVINCIAL.—During Mr. Irving's engagement in Dublin, his portrait, by Mr. E. Long, A.R.A., was exhibited in Grafton-street.—The Theatre Royal, Worcester, one of the most elegant in the provinces, was burned down on Saturday morning. On Friday night it was occupied by Mr. James Elphinstone's company, and the comedy of *Pygmalion and Galatea* was performed. Shortly before seven o'clock on Saturday morning smoke and flames were observed to issue from the back part of the premises, and an entrance having been obtained, the whole of the interior of the building was found to be in flames. The police and turncocks were promptly on the spot, and water from six hydrants was poured upon the burning pile; but it was seen from the first that nothing could save the theatre itself, and the services of the firemen were consequently directed to the adjacent buildings, with such success that they were only slightly injured. The theatre, however, was completely gutted, and at the close of the day nothing but the bare walls and charred timbers were left standing. The theatre is a new one, and was rebuilt in 1874, on the plans and designs of Mr. C. J. Phillips, F.S.A., London, and was a copy of the Gaiety Theatre.—*Trial by Jury* has been reproduced at Norwich with success, and Miss Beaufort made a hit in it.—At the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, Mr. Ciprico has appeared in his ultra sensational melodrama. A Manchester paper says; "Mr. Ciprico is not the actor to command either our admiration or enthusiasm. He is neither a handsome man nor a good actor. He dresses well—he has six changes in this piece, one for every tableau—and that is as much as can be said for him. The piece is a very wonderful one, in the sense that it violates probability at every turn, and is amusing if nothing else."—At the Theatre Royal, Manchester, the name of the pantomime is to be *The Sleeping Beauty*, in which Miss Haidee Crofton will appear.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff have been attracting good audiences at Sheffield.—The Prince of Wales's Theatre, Glasgow, has been taken by Mr. W. Sidney.—A comedietta called *The Radical Cure* has been successfully produced by its author, Mr. Bandmann.—Mr. E. N. Hallows has succeeded Mr. H. J. Diddick as manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, Norwich.—A Liverpool manager (says *Touchstone*) has recently paid the widow of Mr. Charles Kean 100 guineas for the prompt-book of the *Winter's Tale*, as arranged by him.—The Christmas pantomime at the Temple Opera House, Bolton, will be by Mr. W. R. South.—Mr. Henry Irving contributed £20 to the money raised in aid of the Blantyre accident fund.—Madame Marie Roze was the vocalist at the Aquarium concert, Brighton, on Saturday afternoon. She met with a very warm reception.—Mr. Brandram, the Shakespearean reciter, gave a reading at the Pavilion, Brighton, on Saturday afternoon, the play selected being *The Tempest*. There was a very large attendance.—Mr. J. L. Toole opened a six nights engagement at the Brighton Theatre Royal on Monday evening.—Mr. Henry Irving appeared on Monday, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, as Richard III., attracting large and enthusiastic audiences. Detailed criticism of this performance is unnecessary, as we dealt with it exhaustively when it was originally produced in London. On this day (Saturday) Mr. Irving is announced to give a series of readings, six in number, for the benefit of the Alexandra College Building Fund.—At the Gaiety (Dublin), Miss Neilson is playing Juliet and Rosalind; and the *Lady of Lyons* has been announced for her benefit.—At the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, *Clancarty* has been well received.—Place for the typos! An element in a weekly journal not to be despised. The Dublin Typographical Society gave an admirable concert on Tuesday, in aid of the

charitable fund; many local artists assisting, including Mr. Leslie Crotty, a baritone of no mean powers.—Mr. Phelps is to visit Dublin for twelve nights, and to play Wolsey and Richelieu with other parts.—We all regretted that Mr. McCabe had to leave, invalided, for home. The only entertainer now in Dublin is Mr. Wardroper, who is doing well. The Carl Rosa Opera Company have been performing to large houses at Birmingham.—Miss Wallis is now playing in Edinburgh.—Mr. Buckstone is at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.—Mr. Forrester is as attractive as ever at Dundee.—A license has been refused for the Princess's Theatre at Govan.—At Manchester on Wednesday last a meeting was held to form an association for the reform of the stage. Letters expressing sympathy with the movement were read from several well-known actors, authors, and managers, and a resolution was passed declaring that the present condition of the stage demanded reform, and that in order to discourage the performance of plays tending to suggest laxity of morals, and with a view to support managers in their efforts to substitute plays of a higher tone, the Dramatic Reform Association and Literary Society be formed. The association is to promote a more general elevation of public taste in relation to the drama by affording facilities for the study of the works of the best dramatic authors, and arranging for Shakspearian and other dramatic readings, essays, and discussions.

FOREIGN.—At a sale of Professor Authone's famous collection of autographs, which took place recently in America, a letter of Auber's was knocked down for ninepence, and one written by Louis Spohr for fourpence-halfpenny. A letter by Rossini had better fortune—it fetched as much as seven and sixpence! But one by Meyerbeer sold for a dollar less. The collection was not rich in theatrical autographs; Edwin Booth's fetched considerably more than Rossini's and Meyerbeer's put together, and these fetched not much. It was not, indeed, till the Royal autographs were reached that rank-scoring, talent-worshipping republicans began to bid something like prices.—The revival of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* at the Comédie Française, Paris, has recalled to memory the story of its first appearance in February, 1830, amidst a terrific disturbance between those who were organised to hiss and those who were organised to applaud. *The Daily News* says *Hernani* has ever since been "the stormy petrel of French politics," its restoration on each occasion heralding the fall of a dynasty.—At the Théâtre Italien on the 17th inst. a débutante—Mdlle. Isidor—appeared in Bellini's *Sonnambula* with remarkable success.—Gounod's *Cing Mars* has been given at the Opéra Comique.—A four-act comedy called *Blackson Père et Fille* has been produced at the Odéon by MM. Jacques Normand and Arthur Delavigne. It fell very flat, and is much too long.—A one-act comedy in verse, by Madame Dugazon, the actress, at the same house, was more successful.—At the Château d'Eau Joseph Bouchard's *Lazare le Pâtre* has been revived.—Preparations are afoot at Stuttgart for the production of Medemeyer's *Marie Stuart*.—A Melbourne paper speaks highly of "The Salisbury Troubadours," giving special praise to Mr. J. Webster, Mr. N. Salisbury, and Miss M'Henry, in a petite comedy called *Two Can Play at that Game*.—In New York "The London Circus," at Gilmore's Gardens, continues its triumphant run; and at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, *The Chimes of Normandy* has proved a complete success.—Miss Mary Anderson, of whom report speaks in the highest terms as "a marvel of grace, beauty, and genius," was announced, on the 10th instant, to make her New York début as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*.—Boucicault's new comedy, *Marriage*, has been withdrawn from Wallack's Theatre, and *False Shame* has been put in preparation.—*Pink Dominoes* was to be withdrawn at the Union-Square Theatre, on the 18th inst., to make room for *The Mother's Secret*.—The withdrawal of *The Crushed Tragedian* was announced for Nov. 20.—Mr. Southern has been suffering from ulcerated sore throat.—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Power inaugurated their season in New York on the 3rd instant.—Mrs. Scott Siddons's benefit at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, Australia, in September last, brought together a magnificent house, His Excellency the Acting Governor, with his suite, being present. An adaptation from the German *King René's Daughter* and *The Honeymoon* were the selected pieces, and the *Adelaide Observer* speaks very highly of Mrs. Siddons in the leading part of Iolanthe, the blind girl.—In our last foreign gossip, we mentioned that Mr. Boucicault, in a letter to the American newspapers, had challenged his critics to describe what a comedy is. A contemporary in New York, who does us the honour of copying our blocks and reproducing our heading, commenting thereon, says:—Whatever definition might be given, it would be sure not to please Mr. Boucicault, who would judge of it by his own standard—namely, *Marriage*. *Marriage* is a very bad affair, brilliant, showy, and epigrammatic, but that is all. The story is at once weak and confused, and you only obtain glimpses of the plot occasionally.—Mr. Fechter is about to produce *Satans' Diary* in America.—*Le Club*, at the Vaudeville (Paris) continues a success.—In Berlin on November 15th, was commenced the series of Shakspearian performances to which we have already directed attention, with *Richard II.*—At the Belle Alliance Theatre (Berlin) Her Otto Lehfeld has made a favourable impression in Shakspeare's *Richard III.*, in which he played Gloster.—Madame Patti is still singing at Milan.—On November 18th a new opera by Signor Ponchielli was successfully produced at the Dal Verme Theatre (Milan).

## SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY's catalogue embraced the annual large miscellaneous draft from Alec Taylor's stables, which included stallions, brood mares, and horses in training numbering 28 lots, but owing to the scarcity of buyers, and the moderate character of most of the stock, only 17 changed hands. The horses in training were put up first, and competition was extremely tame except for Finis, Morning Star, and The Reeve, the first of whom looked so much the best in point of condition, regardless of the announcement that he has been leading work all the year, that he realised the highest price of 520gs.; whilst The Reeve, who behaved so scurvyly to his backers on more than one occasion at the recent Shrewsbury and Warwick meetings, fetched 250gs.

## FROM THE MANTON STABLES.

	Gs.
Conclave, bay colt, 2 yrs, by Cardinal York—Scrutiny, by Blair Athol	Mr. Stoll 17
The Reeve, 4 yrs, by Cambuscan—Miss Grimston, by Stockwell	Mr. Brooks 250
Merkland, 2 yrs, by Young Melbourne—Lady Mary, by Orlando	Mr. F. Gray 50
Peterborough, 3 yrs, by Cathedral—Little Duchess, by Weatherbit	Mr. E. Hobson 170
Silverstring, 3 yrs, by Paganini—Sooloo, by Stockwell...Colonel Maude	150
Hyndland, 3 yrs, by Young Melbourne—Lady Mary, by Orlando	Mr. S. Western 150
Mosquito, 3 yrs (sister to Musket), by Toxophilite ...Mr. Hume Webster	140
St. Anthony, 4 yrs, by Cathedral—Cow Mare .....Mr. W. Clay	115
Morning Star, 4 yrs, by Parmesan—Wildflower, by King Tom	Mr. F. Gray 300
Finis, 5 yrs, by Marsyas—At Last, by King Tom .....Mr. Leleu	520
Bianca, by Weatherbit—Kate, by Auckland (covered by Adventurer)	Mr. Hume Webster 150
Carine, by Stockwell—Mayonnaise, by Teddington (covered by Sterling)	Mr. Hume Webster 180
The Property of Mr. Gomm.	
Reugny, by Minos—Reine Blanche.....Mr. Tyndall 310	
Little Tom, by Orphelin—Ma Folie .....Mr. King 21	
Rendlesham, 3 yrs, by Lambton—Etoile du Nord, by Touchstone	
Mr. Hussey 33	
Inch, 2 yrs (sister to Craig Millar).....Mr. Hume Webster 45	
Bay filly, 2 yrs (sister to Dynamite) .....Mr. Hume Webster 40	
Loch Garry, by Blair Athol—Mayonnaise.....Mr. A. Taylor 37	
Iphigenia, 2 yrs, by Young Melbourne—Devotion, by Stockwell	
Mr. Bevill 180	
Gentle Jemmy, 2 yrs, by Young Melbourne—Gentle Mary, by Longbow	
Mr. Bevill 140	

## REVIEWS.

*The Adventures of Doctor Van der Bader*. London. A. H. Moxon. This, the first of a cheap, paper-bound, series of works of fiction, is translated from the French of Evariste Carrance, by James Colston. Well printed on good paper, with clear readable type, it gives us a very amusing story, amusingly told, of a devotee of science, a fat, exceedingly fat, nearly middle aged man who, absorbed in philosophical pursuits, has unconsciously fallen in love with his young and pretty housekeeper. Buried in the mysterious recesses of his study, the good simple man has grown in bulk and fame, until it is difficult to say which is the greater, his body, his reputation, or his ignorance of living men and women; for outside the vast domain of science, the great thinker is the veriest child, ludicrously simple, eccentrically unworldly, and densely ignorant. Although the woman he loves is devotedly attached to him, and solicitous to make her love known, he stupidly remains in utter ignorance of the fact, until a series of romantic adventures and accidents opens his eyes to the true whereabouts of those great secrets of love and happiness for which he has been wildly seeking, and which have been all the while quite close to him, constantly and anxiously soliciting his recognition and acceptance. Altho' here and there the translation is a little clumsy and imperfect, on the whole Mr. Colston has fairly caught the tone and spirit of the original work. To fill the volume, we have in addition to the above, the translation of a pretty little story, written by the same author in early youth, and called *Lamberte*.

*A Girl of a Thousand, or Passages in the Life of Laura Bellairs*. London, Walbroke and Co. Miss Bellairs is here supposed to tell her own story, describe minutely all the wonderful charms of her own mind and person, and admire absorbingly her character as "a girl in a thousand," although, as with affected modesty she tells us, she didn't give her book that name—it was invented for her by somebody else. She is at best a frolicsome, mischief-loving, romping, Tom-boy of a girl, with all a young girl's impulses and weaknesses, aping the ways of young men. She is fond of hard riding, swimming in the open rivers, with no one to mind her clothes, practices shooting at a target; is "fast," fearless, self-reliant, and selfish; scorning one kind of affection, to rush into the extreme of another; delighted when her ways are voted unfeminine and unladylike. Yet she can persistently and cleverly act the gushing school-girl and the pink of propriety when it serves her purpose. Pretending to love where she has no affection, threatening to horsewhip her mother's doctor, and able to do it; full of gleeful triumph if she can raise a blush on a man's cheek; thinking it rare fun to stare men out of countenance; fond of dress, and proud of it; a reader of novels, not of "the milk and water" school; clever at music and painting; mistress of French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and partly so of other languages; able to stop a runaway horse and cart; a student of history and political economy; a daily reader of the *Times*, with a taste for politics; and a good needlewoman. She is prepared to grapple with a "teazer" in equations; is fond of champagne and flirting; is a girl who, in leaving her first home to begin the world amongst strangers, is "not affected in the least." Amongst men her preference falls upon "the daintier specimens" whom, "in a sort of way," she is "disposed to take under her protection." She does not care "for great hulking men with loud voices, and red faces, and long beards." All her fascinations and all her very feminine arts of dress, when she assumes the innocence and unconsciousness which in others provoke her scorn, are reserved as traps for "nice" and "good-looking," fashionably attired young "officers." Her admiration is at last won by a young stranger of this kind in a railway carriage, who has "frank blue eyes, wavy hair, and a clear complexion, and a little moustache," and who, as she says, is "dressed beautifully in a simple grey shooting suit, and the round hat that everyone wears now-a-days, except on parade." He has "white hands like a woman, and a well-shaped mouth, and the whitest and most even little teeth imaginable," and his clothes were made by a good tailor—of that she was quite sure—and he had boots that were beyond reproach." He is "dazzled by my beauty," and at once proceeds—after the fashion of that nursemaid in the song, who meeting with a gentleman off parade, not an officer, "her name and address she then told," to inform this girl in a thousand that he had plenty of money, all under his own control, belonged to a good family, and was not in love with any lady before he saw her; was an orphan and very clever! At the end of the journey, without mentioning his name, he asks permission to call upon her in town, and she "demurely" replies, "You may come." His name is Travers; he has five thousand a year; he presents her with "the darlings little gold watch and chain," and "the darlings hats and bonnets;" he pops the question, and he marries "the girl of a thousand." And whoever envies him—we don't. After marriage, she gets up a flirtation with a real live general, nearly eighty years old, who dances with all the energy and skill of quite a young man, and is "a relief" when her husband bores her with his "limited ideas," which turn continually upon "horses, dogs, and agriculture," but as she says "my husband is not a snob, that is one comfort." Such is the story before us, and, as we can't say that it has not amused us, we presume that it will fulfil its mission in other hands, and so commend it; for after all—a novel that is intended merely to amuse, and does amuse, is better than a more ambitious and able work that fails in the primary object, which should govern a work of fiction.

*Stories of Italian History*. By B. Montgomery Ranking. London: The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. In this pretty little volume Mr. Ranking has converted some of the more striking episodes of Italian history into a series of admirable stories; with the purpose of inducing young people to make themselves more intimate with the history of those states which now, at length, form one united kingdom of Italy. In doing this he has neither distorted nor ignored, nor even coloured the actual facts of history, but wrought out each story from beginning to end with scrupulous and conscientious regard for exactness and truth. Where temptations existed to distort, exaggerate, or modify for the sake of picturesque effect or pandering to popular prejudices, they have been carefully avoided; and although the result is perhaps less attractive to the romance-loving minds of the young than a more sensational work of the same kind much less carefully and truthfully produced might be, yet for wholesome teaching and pleasant reading nothing could surpass the well-printed pages we have just closed. We trust Mr. Rankin will do for other countries no worse than he has done for Italy.

Messrs. Rimmell and Co. have forwarded have some brightly attractive little Christmas gift cards and almanacks for the New Year, prettily and fancifully designed, glowing with colour, and sweet with perfume—veritable flowers of the coming holiday season, which many will find pleasure in gathering.

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MR. THORNTON'S "Record of Shorthorn Transactions" has been issued. It embraces sales from July up to the present time. From these it will be seen that there is no falling off in the average prices, and that in several instances rates have risen beyond previous values in this country, notably at Mr. Cochrane's sale of imported shorthorns from the Dominion, at Bowness, Windermere, where thirty-two animals averaged £510 a-piece, making a total of £16,325—two "Duchesses" realising respectively 4,100 guineas and 4,300 guineas. The purchasers were the Earl of Bective and Mr. Loder. At Mr. Cherréy's sale, conducted by Mr. Strafford at Gaddesby Hall, near Leicester, a still higher average was obtained, although the highest value given for a "Duchess" was 2,200 guineas, upwards of £532 per head was the average of twenty-five animals, and the total amounted to £13,317. At Mr. R. E. Oliver's sale at Sholebrooke Lodge, near Towcester, thirty-seven animals averaged £356—a "Grand Duchess" being purchased by Lord Bective for 2,750 guineas, and another was secured by Mr. H. Allsopp for 2,450 guineas. The most extraordinary purchase of the season was a heifer calf under four months old by Mr. Allsopp for 610 guineas.

MR. EDWARD TYRELL SMITH, so long identified with the management of various London theatres, expired on Monday morning, after a very brief illness, at his residence, Kennington-park, aged 73. The son of an admiral who distinguished himself in the action off Cape St. Vincent, Mr. E. T. Smith was originally educated for the navy, and in his 15th year he was sent to Chatham to join Lord Cochrane's vessel. Circumstances, however, occurred which gave a different direction to his pursuits, and, after many changes of employment he ultimately adopted the vocation of an auctioneer. Having been in 1849 the lessee of the Marylebone Theatre, he soon after widened the sphere of his theatrical ambition, and in 1852 he became manager of Drury Lane Theatre, which establishment he continued to hold until the autumn of 1862, when he disposed of the remainder of his lease to Mr. Edmund Falconer. The Alhambra, in Leicester-square, was first opened under that name by Mr. E. T. Smith on February 7, 1858. It had previously been called the Panopticon. It was for two years a circus, but in December, 1860, musical performances were given. In this year Mr. E. T.

Smith added to his managerial responsibilities the lesseeship of Her Majesty's Theatre, which he retained sixteen months. Subsequently he became manager of the Lyceum and Astley's Amphitheatre, besides being the lessee of Cremorne Gardens, which he held from 1861 to 1869.

A WOMAN DIVER.—In the vicinity of New York there is a famous professional woman diver. Her husband was a diver in the Santa Barbara pearl fisheries, and from him his wife learned his dangerous trade. In 1874 her husband was suffocated in his diving armour, and then his wife took his place in the pearl fisheries. She says there is a fascination about the diving business which is stronger than all its dangers, and this fascination acted powerfully upon herself. She was able to remain down as long as any of the men. Once she was almost suffocated through a break in the air supply, and when she was dragged to the surface her face was black and stained with blood, which had started even from her eye-sockets. She was unable to go down again for two days, but at the end of that time she resumed her perilous trade.

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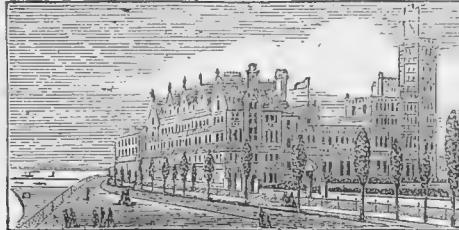
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Maidens at starting allowed 5lb; those got by stallions or out of mares which never produced a winner, allowed 4lb if claimed at the time of naming (one breeding allowance only); allowances accumulative. Any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this Plate. Entrance 3 sovs, to go to the race fund. If less than 20 entries only 150 sovs will be given. Golborne Course; about half a mile straight.

SECOND DAY.

THE LYME PARK STAKES of 5 sovs each, 2 forfeit, with 100 sovs added, for Two-year-olds; Colts, 8s 10d; Fillies and Geldings, 8s 7d. A winner once (Selling Races excepted) to carry 3lb; twice, or of the Golborne Park Stakes the preceding day, 10d extra; Maidens at starting allowed 5lb. Those got by stallions or out of mares which never produced a winner allowed 4lb, it claimed at the time of naming (one breeding allowance only). Allowances accumulative. Any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this Plate. Entrance 3 sovs, to go to the race fund. If less than 20 entries only 150 sovs will be given. Golborne Course; about three-quarters of a mile. Fifteen entries or no engagement.

THIRD DAY.

The LYME PARK STAKES of 5 sovs each, 2 forfeit, with 100 sovs added, for Two-year-olds; Colts, 8s 10d; Fillies and Geldings, 8s 7d. A winner once (Selling Races excepted) to carry 3lb; twice, or of the Golborne Park Stakes the preceding day, 10d extra; Maidens at starting allowed 5lb. About three-quarters of a mile. Fifteen entries or no engagement.

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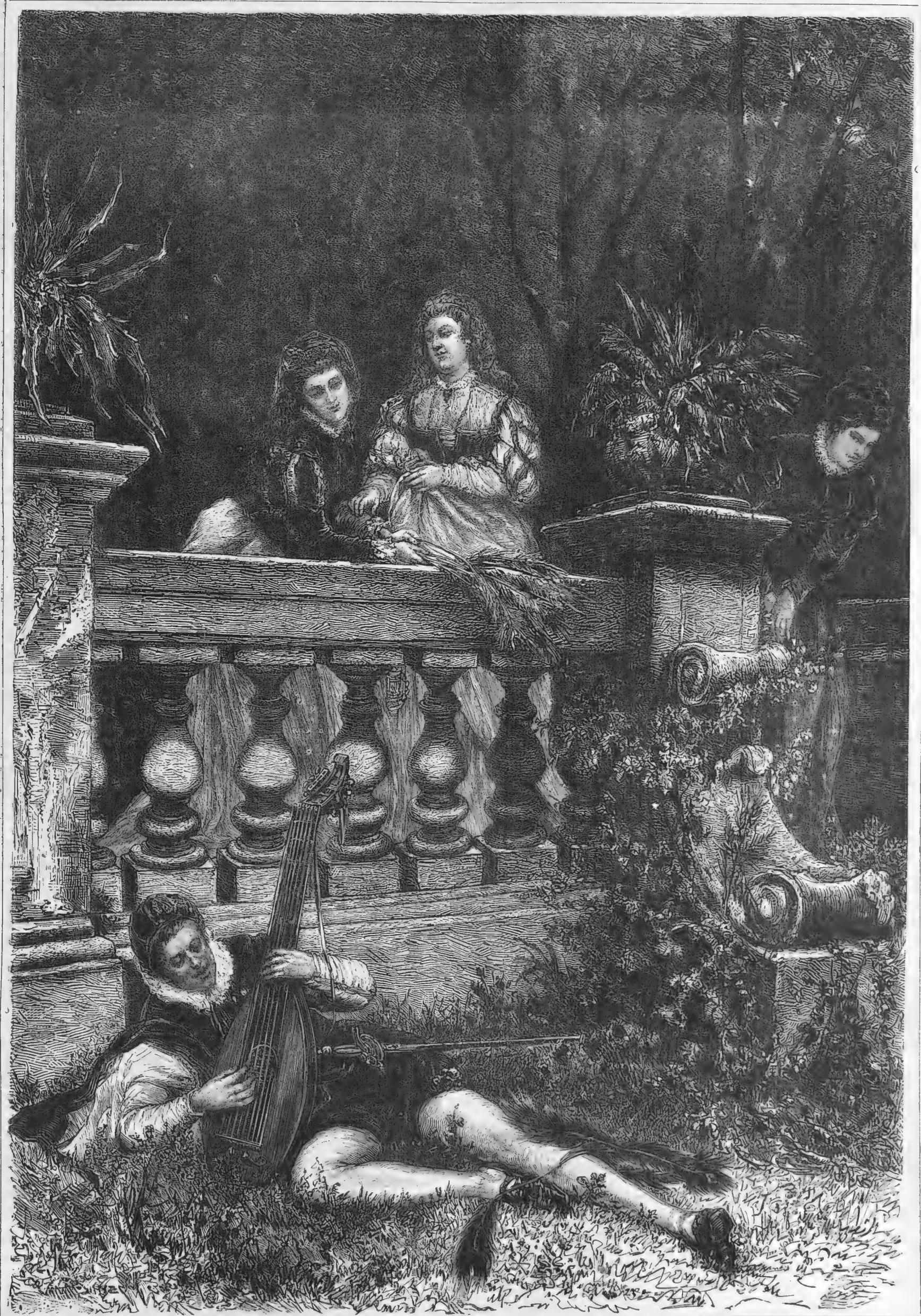
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George Holmes, painter of "Can't you Talk?" will be represented by a double-page drawing, similar in feeling and treatment to that famous picture. Miss Braddon will write the leading story, the title of which is, "Thou Art the Man!" Otherwise, the number will contain stories, poems, sketches, &c., by well-known authors.

Advertisers wishing to secure the insertion of their advertisements in this number, are requested to forward immediate instructions.

## THE SCALE OF CHARGES IS AS FOLLOWS:

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Page Ordinary	30
Half-page Ordinary	16
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No more advertisements can be received for Special positions in this Christmas Number.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications intended for insertion in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

H. W. C. S.—Write, enclosing stamped envelope for reply, to French, theatrical publisher, Strand, W.C.

R. R.—A Christmas pantomime, by Mr. Buckstone, called "Grimalkin the Great, or Hartquin and the King of the Cats," was played at the Adelphi Theatre in December, 1831. It was very successful.

C. M. S.—In the correspondents' column of a former number, and in a "By-the-way" article of a number before that, we showed that it was highly probable that Shakspeare was one of the English actors whom Queen Elizabeth sent to the court of her successor, King James, then held

at Perth, from which place Dunsinane Castle is about seven or eight miles. The traditions of Dunsinane are almost identical with the story of Macbeth as told in Shakspeare's play, in which the real characteristics of the locality are moreover described in the poet's own language.

J. K. F.—Macready received £150 for his adaptation of Lord Byron's "Werner."

J. G. LLOYD (Penrith)—We gave such particulars in a former number.

K.—Mr. John Johnson, the famous Irish actor and vocalist, died in Tavistock-row, Covent Garden, on December 26, 1829, aged 84. He married a daughter of Mr. Wallack, by whom he had four children. He was chiefly celebrated as a vocalist, made his first appearance in Dublin, and—thanks to Macklin—on October 3, 1783, made his London débüt at Covent Garden Theatre, where he was highly successful. For your other queries see replies under the head of Musical.

GORDON (Dublin).—A really complete history of the Drama does not, so far as we know, exist in any one work, but a good general idea of its progress may be obtained in "Their Majesty's Servants" by Dr. Doran, in Chetwood's and in Dibdin's "History of the Stage." The lives of the old actors must be sought in a variety of different works, of which we may name Oxberry's "Dramatic Biography," Boad-n's "Lives of John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and others," Colley Cibber's "Apology," Newitzer's "Dramatic Reminiscences," "Macklin's Life," by J. T. Kirkman, the "Life of Garrick" by T. Davies, "The Secret History of the Green Room," Bernard's "Retrospections of the Stage," "The Life of Mathew's," and many other similar works. Amongst recently published works you will find Russell's "Representative Actors" very interesting, and Duton Cook's "Book of the Play" still more so.

RAMISAMY wants to purchase photographic character portraits of Miss Farren recently taken.

## SPORTING.

G. E. M.—1. "The Druid" died in 1870. 2. We have been unable to find out when Sir Tatton Sykes was born. 3. Sir Tatton Sykes was born on the 22nd of August, 1772. 4. "The Squire" (Mr. George Osbaldeston) was born on the 26th of December, 1786.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

M. D.—*The Dead Secret* originally appeared as a serial story in *Household Words*.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—1. You have some ground for that belief. When the Russians invaded Turkey in 1828 they lost by sickness alone fifty thousand men, and in 1829 of sixty thousand killed nearly all fell before the ravages of disease, and when the survivors arrived at Adrianople disease was so prevalent amongst them that scarcely seven thousand of their number were in a fit condition to carry arms. Out of 120,000 men scarred six hundred lived to re-cross the Russian frontier. In two years more than a hundred thousand were lost, of which number comparatively very few fell in battle. 2. Russian acquisitions from Turkey since 1774 consist of the country to the north of the Crimea, the Crimea, and the country round Odessa.

J. M'PHUN.—There is a song by the "Ettrick Shepherd" which goes to the old air of "Wood an' married an'"; and has a very similar chorus, it commences:—

"My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
I leave in the Heelands sae grand;  
I ha'e follow'd our banner and will do,  
Wherever my Maker has land.  
When ran it amang the blue bonnets,  
Nae danger can fear me awa';  
I ken that my brethren around me  
Are either to conquer or fa'.  
Bro'gues an' brochin an' a',  
Brochin an' brogues an' a',  
An' is nae her ve a' eel aff  
Wi' her brogues an' brochin an' a'?"

This song was very popular when it first appeared, at the time of a threatened invasion of England by France, at which time its author was a bare footed lad, herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights. It has five or six verses. There is a story told of its author hearing a Highland soldier travelling home on furlough singing it with martial spirit as he tramped along, and of his seeing him as he came to the two last lines—

"An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,  
The kilt, an' the feather, an' a'."  
hoisting his cap upon the end of his walking stick and dancing in an outburst of triumphant glee.

ARAB—Camden mentioned the game of Curling in 1507, but it is probably much older.

D. F.—That Sterne copied entire paragraphs, and took many of his best ideas from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," are facts beyond dispute. It would occupy too much space to give parallel passages from both works in these pages, but we append the following:—Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," wrote:—"He is but risen from a feast before he was sentenced; from a banquet before he had got drunken. The Thracians wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason. Is it not better not to hunger at all than to eat? not to thirst than to take physic to cure it? Is it not better to be free from cares andague, love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than like a gaégl traveller who comes weary to the inn to be bound to begin his journey afresh?" Burton wrote:—"Thou dost him great injury to desire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, like a tired traveller that comes weary to his inn, begin his journey afresh? . . . he is now gone to eternity—as if he had risen," saith Plutarch, from the midst of a feast before he was drunk. "Is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat; not to thirst, than to drink; not to be cold, than to put on cloths to drive away cold?" He had made need to rejoice that I am freed from disease, age, etc. "The Thracians wept when a child was born, feasted and made mirth when a man was buried: and so should we rather be glad for such as die well, that they are so happily freed from the miseries of this life."

M. T.—It has been conjectured with a fair show of probability that the first distiller of whisky was Osiris, the ancient Egyptian deity; and that this was the "strong drink" referred to in the Old Testament. It appears also to be mentioned by Aristotle, who distinguishes the drunkenness it causes from that caused by wine, by saying that those intoxicated with it tell upon the back part of their heads, while those who were drunk with wine fell upon their faces.

FEAST v. FAST.—1. It was Dr. Johnson whose conscientious scruples made him refrain from taking cream in his tea on Good Friday. 2. We are unable to reply. 3. Bonaparte destroyed three successive Austrian armies, and each time with a force inferior to those of his foes. 4. The battle of Oudenarde was fought on the 11th of July, 1708.

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

EVERYTHING in nature now seems; thanks to legislative interference and control, to have its "close time," during which man is forbidden to plunder, harass, and oppress; and even when no such period of rest is enforced by law, a tacit understanding seems to exist that no molestation shall take place during a fixed season of the year. Fish, flesh, and fowl are permitted to have their jubilee in order that breeding operations may not be interfered with; but beyond this legal restraint custom also imposes bounds which sportsmen shall not pass, and this in nearly every department of sport from the Thames angler to the Highland deerstalker. The old song tells us that each sport has its season, and no one would think of keeping to any single variety from one year's end to another, apart from considerations of wearisome monotony. After the last echoes of the horn of the chase have died away, the faithful minister to the pleasures of the hunting man is relegated to box or pasture for well earned hours of idleness during the summer months; while the hound participates in the general rest accorded to followers of Nimrod. After the shooting season, pointer, setter, and retriever are granted months of relaxation until the game armistice shall have concluded; and this state of things is but natural, seeing that the bow cannot always remain bent, and that, as the wise man says, "there is a time for all things." In days not so very long passed away, when sport had not as yet been "popularised," and ere the sovereign people had claimed to share in the recreations formerly confined to a comparatively select few, the line

of limitation was drawn more strictly than now, and when the curtain fell upon the racing year after the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket, the turf was forgotten with the prospects of the chase in view, and slumbered until its awakening in spring, its rest only fitfully broken by dreams of Derby horses, interest in which was sustained by active market operations during the winter. Racing, as distinguished from steeplechasing, may indeed be said to have its "close time" during the four months which intervene between November and the end of the succeeding March, and no one begrudges the lengthening out of the season so as to include the great autumn meetings at Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and Warwick. But it is only as regards the flat races *par excellence* that this vacation can be said to exist. All the working machinery of the Turf must be kept up in order to carry out the heavy programmes which mark the course of the so-called "illegitimate" season; and a vast number of horses which have slaved away during the summer in all kinds of contests, are not permitted to be laid by in lavender like a Derby favourite, but must perform turn their attention to what their owners trust may be a more profitable sphere of occupation, and are forthwith put into active work once more, with a view to negotiating a country or topping the gorse hurdle. For those wicked ones, who cannot be persuaded to earn a winning bracket as flat racers, there is absolutely no rest at all; nay more, we are constantly having instances set before us of horses of fair ability in both departments pursuing the same dreary round, year after year, now figuring in some "grand" steeplechase encounter or "International" Hurdle Race, and re-appearing anon in a Great Handicap or Cup field at Newmarket or Goodwood. We have lately had an instance of this kind of "jack of all trades" in Hampton, whose career has been chequered to a degree; taken from the flat to be apprenticed to the "jumping business," then, after a successful venture or two in that line, re-drafted to figure in his original character, and gaining such splendid successes that no one would possibly have dreamt of his re-appearing on the lower rope again, had not his owner openly expressed a determination to ride him and win with him in the Liverpool Grand National! Happily we were spared the sight of one of the best Cup horses of this or any other Turf era, eking out an existence between the flags, and encountering the many dangers of the four miles over Aintree for the sake of having the last shilling taken out of him as a "bread winner" for his owner. Hampton's case may be an isolated or an extreme one, as we hope it is, but if owners of Cup horses do not hesitate to lower them in the scale of equine credit, what wonder is it if men of smaller calibre and owners of performers of less repute see fit to keep them in active training all the year round, without giving them a chance of recruiting their weary limbs during the racing vacation?

We think the "close time" for all kinds of racing, both on the flat and across country, might very well extend over the months of December and January, as there can be no doubt that we are sadly overdone with meetings of questionable reputation at the depth of the dead season. The short, dark days of winter are certainly not adapted for outdoor enjoyments, and when in contradistinction to the pleasures of racing men talk of its "business" aspect, it is obvious that this expression means only money-making on the part of those who are ever on the alert to draw cash from the pockets of the public. We have surely had enough of those miserable Christmas "reunions" (as they are termed) where if fog and rain do not happen to prevail, Jack Frost lays his effacing finger on sport, and necessitates those everlasting postponements which are the bane of winter racing. A certain section of loafing idlers among the public, as well as the inevitable "rough" division may be allured out of winter quarters by a promise of sport in some suburban locality, but real supporters of racing do not care to patronise these hibernal gatherings, either with their presence or by entering their horses, and only the "little men" of the Ring, swamped in a cloud of welshers, care to make little books on petty events. We hear a deal of tall talk about the "vitality" of racing, and how hard it dies, but this is mere bunkum, and because a few would be "swells" with a deal of time on their hands to kill, choose to congregate at pettifogging meetings in the depth of winter, their action must be referred more to a desire to have something on which to lose their money than any sincere love of sport for its own sake. We sincerely believe that the eight weeks armistice we have suggested would be hailed with hearty satisfaction by all who can be supposed to have at heart the real interests of their calling, and by thus causing the more important steeplechase gatherings to be compressed within a shorter period of time, the less desirable meetings must, perchance, go to the wall, like weeds which cannot find strength to rear their heads through luxuriant upper growths of herb or corn. This is quite as it should be, for to whatever degree the argument may hold good that small interests must be consulted as well as large ones, no process of reasoning can force us to the belief that any good thing can come out of the Nazareths of the Turf.

It is on these grounds that we advocate (despairingly, perhaps, but none the less energetically) the adoption of a close time within which not only shall the coming Derby candidate cease from his labours, but the Metropolitan Circuit drudge also find rest. It would not be asking promoters of meetings to give up very much, for winter gatherings must be risky speculations; but it would at least afford a little breathing time and relaxation from the everlasting round which keeps nerves of men and sinews of horses perpetually on the stretch. If it be urged that the rips and crooks of the Turf will lose their occupation, all the better, say we; and we had far rather see them seething in the kennel copper than vexing the souls of jockeys on some suburban track. We should then, after temporary abstention from such a stimulating diet as racing, come back with a renewed zest for its enjoyment; whereas the present surfeit is apt to pall upon the appetites of all save the hangars on and offscourings of society, who regard mankind as their natural prey.

NO GAS IN DAYTIME.—See Chappuis' Reflectors.—69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

## THE OUTCAST!

*Scene in a London Police Court.*

MAGISTRATE [sternly].—How do you live?

OUTCAST [sadly].—I do not live, my Lord, I only linger!

WHY do they hunt me so, from street to street,  
I'm but a weary, God-forsaken creature!  
In all my wanderings no friend I meet,  
I find no love in any human feature.  
What can your rich world care for such as I,  
Seared to the heart by scorn's accusing finger,  
A lonely outcast only wants to die,  
I do not live, my lord, I only linger!

There was a time when all I touched was gold,  
Then friends flock'd merrily to taste my bounty,  
I never turned a dog into the cold,  
Or let the poor go starving to the county;  
Still I was robb'd of all I loved—but how?  
Ask Death of all my ills the evil-bringer,  
All are gone from me! all are gone! and now;  
I do not live, my lord, I only linger!

Will the dark never come to one whose feet,  
Are bruised with stones cast on a road of tears?  
When will the daylight fade and let me greet  
Friends whom I loved in the remembered years?  
Why am I tortured with this lovely world,  
Where I must ask—and they must never give,  
In distant harbour where rent sails are furled—  
There let me linger, Lord! that I may live!

London, November, 1877.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

## A "HEAD" BEATING.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

## CHAPTER II.—(Concluded.)

"THE morning came, the chaise"—that is, the cab—"was brought," and I was presently *en route* to Waterloo to secure the first train down. The weather was dull and foggy. Bad for roarers, thought I; but, as there was nothing the matter with the mare's pipes, I was not uneasy. I wondered if I should like my mount. Almost the only horsey passenger discharged at Basing-stoke, I experienced no difficulty in obtaining a fly, and at once made my way to the course, anxious to dispose of my traps before the enemy appeared.

"Have a card, Captain—correct and official?"

I purchased a card, and eagerly sought for confirmation of Swenson's portents. The wretches had not sold him. In the Hunt Stakes Jack's name was entered *en régle*; while the Selling Plate contained an entry which I intuitively felt was Mathilde, under an alias: "Capt. Fitzshyser's b. m. Katinka, 6 yrs (£50.) white jacket with red seams, crimson and gold cap." The Selling Plate was the last race on the card. A bad arrangement for the fund, but admirable for the "ramp," thought I. On such a leaden day it would be almost impossible to distinguish one horse from another, especially if they were unpunctual—an invariably characteristic of such meetings. A liberal douceur to one of the subordinate officials ensured the safety of my costume; and after sauntering over the course—which was mostly grass, with no water jump, and, excepting a stiffish natural fence, a quarter of a mile from home, easy of negotiation—I returned to the weighing-room, secured the services of a handy valet, dressed and weighed in the trying scales, slipped the geranium-green cap into my pocket, and, wearing an overcoat to conceal the remainder of the colours (orange and scarlet braid), sauntered towards an un-frequented part of the rapidly-filling ring to reconnoitre. No signs of Swenson. Yes—by Jove! there he was, and Toase with him, outside a group of loungers who were taking stock of a handsome bay mare at the farther corner of the paddock. Satisfied that everything was progressing as favourably as could be wished, I withdrew from the enclosure and walked towards the starting-post with the rest of those parts of the meeting who were desirous of beholding the tardy "fall of the flag." Swenson was still mounting guard, but alone. Where was Toase? I had scarcely given that ornament of the Turf a thought when he passed, in company with another nomadic member of the profession.

"You take my tip, Gipsey, and back her fast past the post. The Captain ain't to be trusted for five minutes together."

"Then it's a good thing, Nails, eh?"

"Lor' blash' yer! She could carry one o' Pickford's vans and then cop."

"I'm on."

They were weighing for my event when I returned to the stand. Captain Fitzshyser, full of life and misplaced energy, was fussing about the weighing room, in attendance chiefly on Mr. Mivins, who, according to the card, was about to ride his own horse Gaberlunzie.

"Here, Mivins, take this half-pound cloth. Now you'll do. What the deuce has become of Ventress?"

Ventress, the jockey recommended by Mr. Wilkinson—the artist who, in my absence, would pilot the mare.

"What does he ride, Captain?" inquired the clerk of the scales.

"He—oh, Mathilde!"

"I beg your pardon," remarked I, in superfluously loud and distinct tones; "there is some mistake, I ride Mathilde."

"You!" thundered Fitzshyser, spinning round on the instant and glaring unutterable things; "and who the devil are you?"

"Allow me to present you with my card;" and, the while pushing forward to the scales, I handed him the pasteboard.

"And is this your authority, Mr. Thomas Bevan? What do you take me for?"

"I would rather not say just at present," I replied; "by-and-by I may oblige you. It is not my authority, Captain Fitzshyser; it is simply a slight contribution to the proof of my identity. You wanted to know who I am: there's my card. I am a lawyer; Lieutenant Masters, my old friend, asked me to ride his mare Mathilde, and here I am. If Lord Faulchion will oblige me by glancing at this document" (his lordship, one of the stewards, had approached during the altercation), "he will be satisfied of my right to act on behalf of the owner of the mare."

"But, my lord, this paper may be forged—"

"You,"—I began, forgetting my diplomacy in a laudable desire to aid the purification of the British army by annihilating him on the spot, when Lord Faulchion smilingly raised his hand and said,—

Gentlemen, you forget. Here, Rowlands."

Rowlands, Jack's friend—for it was he—a middle aged officer and a gentleman," drew near.

"Is this document genuine?"

"But, my lord," interposed Fitzshyser, "what can your friend know more than any one else? Is he an expert?"

"He shall tell you."

"Genuine?—unquestionably. I saw every word of it written; that is my signature at the foot."

The Captain was completely routed. He had not a word to say in reply to the Major's crushing testimony, and so, with fine malevolence, he once more turned upon poor me.

"Well, since you have a right to the mare, you had better find her."

"Oh, niver ye fash yoursel' about that, Captin. She's fund, hard enuse, and waitin' for Mr. Bevan outside here. Your lad's gegan to get some refreshment, and Mathilde is under the care of two or three police officers and a detective. Aw niver thrath a chance away."

The weighing-room buzzed with sounds of suppressed excitement. I felt I was becoming a hero. The captain, who had led at the start, was nowhere.

Tim conducted me to the mare, and I mounted. As I was leaving the paddock, I noticed that two of the numbers in the telegraph were being changed. Swenson explained this as he walked at the head of Mathilde before I cantered.

"They have changed the jockey: Ventress rides Gaberlunzie. Watch it, sir; watch it: they mean tee object."

The field numbered nine. Although it was a three-mile journey, there was a false start, but I was not in it. Neither was Ventress.

When the flag fell I took a pull at the mare and, with Gaberlunzie, who stuck to me like a bur to a fashionable chignon, laid off. I had the foot of the whole of them except Mr. Mivins's horse, and might have led them at any part of the race, but I did not try. The mare ran with perfect generosity, and that was enough. Only once before the finish did I indulge her with her head, and that was when we passed the stand the second time. I could distinguish amid the roar of the ring the irrational sound of "Mathilde wins!"—irrational since we had yet more than a mile to travel, and as I took a pull after passing the stand recognised the voice of Swenson admonishing me to "Watch it!"

A little over half a mile from home, they were all settled except me and Gaberlunzie, and I thought to myself, "Now or never." One touch of the whip and a gentle prick of the persuader sufficed—I was a clear length and a half ahead on the inside. Accepting this as a challenge, Ventress came with a rattle on the whip hand, and at it we went ding-dong. He had the worst of the weights, and I felt sure if I could only land safely over the last fence that I should do him for speed. But the scoundrel had his instructions. He rode for his life—we were neck and neck—to the fence, we rose together, and in the act of rising he caught Gaberlunzie a smart cut over the head, drove him on to me in landing, and we were both down, both unshipped, but neither of us disabled. I could hear the yell of the ring as, half-dazed, I remounted (how, it would be impossible to say), and put the gallant mare at the slight hill which composed the last furlong of the course. Gaberlunzie was again with me, and another, whose jockey cried out, "Stick to him, Dick! I saw it!"

"And so did aw, thou rank bad 'un!" cried, with a rough Yorkshire oath, a now familiar voice. "Watch it, sir; watch it!"

I won cleverly by a length; but I was not to have the stakes just yet. Swenson was there, and so were the officers to guard me into the weighing-room, or else I firmly believe I should never have drawn the weight. As it was two attempts were made to annex a pound cloth. I was seated in the scale, when Ventress and his precious master rushed forward. Said the latter—

"I object to the winner of this race."

"Oh, very good, Captain," replied the judge; "deposit the fiver. On what grounds?"

"Foul riding."

I said nothing. The room was cleared and the stewards proceeded to investigate the charge. I had heard some hard swearing in my time, but the long exploits of Ventress and the rider of the third horse in the race far exceeded for audacious circumstance anything that had ever come under my notice. The stewards were most painstaking, but they could not shake the testimony of Ventress and his witness. It was all two to one against probity.

"Did no one else see this occurrence?" asked Lord Faulchion, anxiously.

"Yes; I did, my lord," exclaimed Swenson; "on'y they wənt let me come in."

Timothy had been disposing of the mare. His eloquent description of the cannoneering had gone far towards convincing the stewards, when Captain Fitzshyser, with a meaning smile, remarked—

"My lord—this man—who is he?"

"Just so," chimed in the other steward: "a most pertinent question. My good man, what interest have you in the matter?"

"Could you stand by and see your master robbed?"

"Ah! your master—"

"The owner of the mare."

"I suspected as much," observed the cautious steward.

"I believe this Yorkshirer," said Lord Faulchion, bluntly.

"That may be, Faulchion," observed the doubter; "but you must admit that he is an interested party. If we could have another witness of unquestionable impartiality, now."

"Will you accept me?" said Major Rowlands, who had so far been a silent spectator of the scene.

"Most decidedly, Rowlands," said Lord Faulchion.

"Only too glad," observed the other steward.

"In a few words, then, let me say that the evidence which has been tendered by the jockey Ventress and his witness is perfectly, wickedly false. Mr. Bevan rode a fair race, and so far from the collision being of his producing he did all in his power to prevent it. The mare could have won at any part of the race, and that the rider of Gaberlunzie knew. He might or might not be acting according to his instructions—that is for him to explain. But if ever there was a case for the Grand National Hunt Committee this conspiracy is one."

Lord Faulchion consulted with his brother steward for a few moments, and then said—

"The objection is overruled."

"And we have won," whispered Swenson.

"We have," I replied.

"Shall I tell you by how much?"

I replied with an inquiring look.

BY A HEAD, to be sure."

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## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street.—The Christmas number of Messrs. Chappell's "Musical Magazine," price 1s., consists entirely of Dance Music, and includes two sets of quadrilles, the "Trial by Jury" lancers, three sets of waltzes, two polkas, and two galops; composed by dance-writers of the highest eminence, including Johann Strauss, Emile Waldteufel, D'Albert, Hoffman, &c. The volume contains 48 pages of music, beautifully printed in large notes on satin paper, and as the dance tunes are written in the best styles of the distinguished composers, who have collaborated in the work, this "Christmas number of Chappell's Musical Magazine," will be heartily welcomed, in view of the festive season which is approaching. How such a collection of original music, first-rate in quality, can be profitably published at 1s., is one of the mysteries of publishing.

CRAMER & CO., 201, Regent Street, W.—"When Love's glow hath gone by," (price 4s.), is a song written by Mrs. Lees. With the exception of one passage, in which "pomp and luxury," and "love's glow hath gone by," are made to rhyme, the words are remarkably well written, and the story of the snow-clad ferns is poetically told. Mr. Stanley's setting is sympathetic.

ASHDOWN & PARRY, Hanover Square, W.—The "Technical Guide to Touch, Fingering, and Execution on the Pianoforte, by Lindsay Sloper," (price 3s.), is one of the most valuable works recently issued from the musical press. The author has long enjoyed a high reputation as a masterly pianist and skilful teacher, and in this work he has compressed within moderate limits a large amount of information, the result of his studies and experience. He has the rare faculty of making his meaning clearly comprehensible without using many words, and not only students, but advanced professors may gather instruction from the hints he unstintingly gives. His directions as to the position of the hands, and use of the fingers,—his rules on fingering,—his explanations of the major scales, and of the minor scales (in both forms),—his advice in the modes of practising double notes and chords, arpeggio and octave passages, &c., will prove of incalculable value to the earnest student, and if combined (as Mr. Sloper suggests) with the 40 "Daily Exercises" of Czerny, would form a complete school for the *technique* of the pianoforte. We heartily recommend the work.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, W.—"Rappe le Toi!" (price 3s.), is a setting by P. De Faye of Alfred De Musset's well known and exquisite poem, and the music not only serves for the original words, but is also fitted with an English translation by Mr. De Faye, ("Remember me!"), in which poetical ideas and felicitous diction are happily combined. The music is of more than average merit, and not only are the melodies varied and graceful, but the harmony is masterly, and the accompaniments are admirably written.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners-street, W.—The "Dawn Song" (price 3s.), verse by R. Barnett, music by Florian Pascal, is one of the prettiest songs we have seen for a long time. The words are remarkably elegant, the melody and accompaniments fresh and graceful, and although marriageable young ladies may disapprove of the lines—

Tell her, no love that's spoken  
Is worth the love unsaid,

tenors and baritones will find this "Dawn Song" a valuable addition to their repertoires. It was successfully sung by Signor Giannini at the recent Covent Garden concerts, and the Italian words are printed under the English poetry.—"Gaily Sounds the Castanet" (price 3s.), music by B. Farebrother, is a clever setting, in Bolero measure, of Thomas Moore's words. It is dedicated to Madame Trebelini, and will be prized by contraltos and mezzo-sopranos.—"The Distant Voice" (price 4s.), is a Notturno for Voice, with violin (or violoncello) obbligato, incorrectly spelt "obligato" on the title page, verse by A. Temple, music by Eugene Barnett. The words are good, the music is not equal to them in merit, and the best part of the composition is the obbligato, which is worth the attention of amateur violinists and violoncellists.—"Marche à Six Mains" (price 3s.), by J. B. Wellerlin, is an ingenious arrangement of an effective march, to be played on one pianoforte by three players. The "prima" part is, of course, played in the upper regions of the instrument, the "seconda" has the middle of the keyboard, and the "tertia" takes care of the fundamental bass. To each performer some chances of distinction are given, and the combined effects are good.

Planquette's opera *Les Cloches de Corneville*, now in preparation for performance at the Folly Theatre, has been purchased by Joseph Williams and Co., and the "Polka Mazurka," the "Quadrille," and the "Set of Waltzes," arranged by H. Natif, and O. Métra, on themes from the opera, will be welcomed by amateurs of dancing. The waltzes, arranged as duets by Métra, are particularly bright and effective.—"Woodland Echoes," (price 3s.), by A. Germont, is a melodious and showy, if not very original pianoforte solo.—"Un Bijou Perdu," (price 4s.) is a well written transcription, "tempo di minuetto" by F. Pascal.—The "Berceuse," (price 3s.) by the same composer, is a well written and graceful solo for pianoforte.—"Pres du Lac" (price 4s.) also by F. Pascal, and entitled a "Meditation," is a melodious pianoforte study, carefully fingered; and would prove effective in the hands of a sympathetic player, as it affords abundant opportunities for expressive playing as well as ornamental display.

SIMPSON & CO., 33, Argyle Street, W.—"The Twilight Hour" (price 4s.), words by E. N. Haxell, Esq., music by W. T. Wrighton.—The composer has written a flowing and agreeable melody. The writer of the words tells us that his mistress came "creeping" to him, and says (in questionable English)—

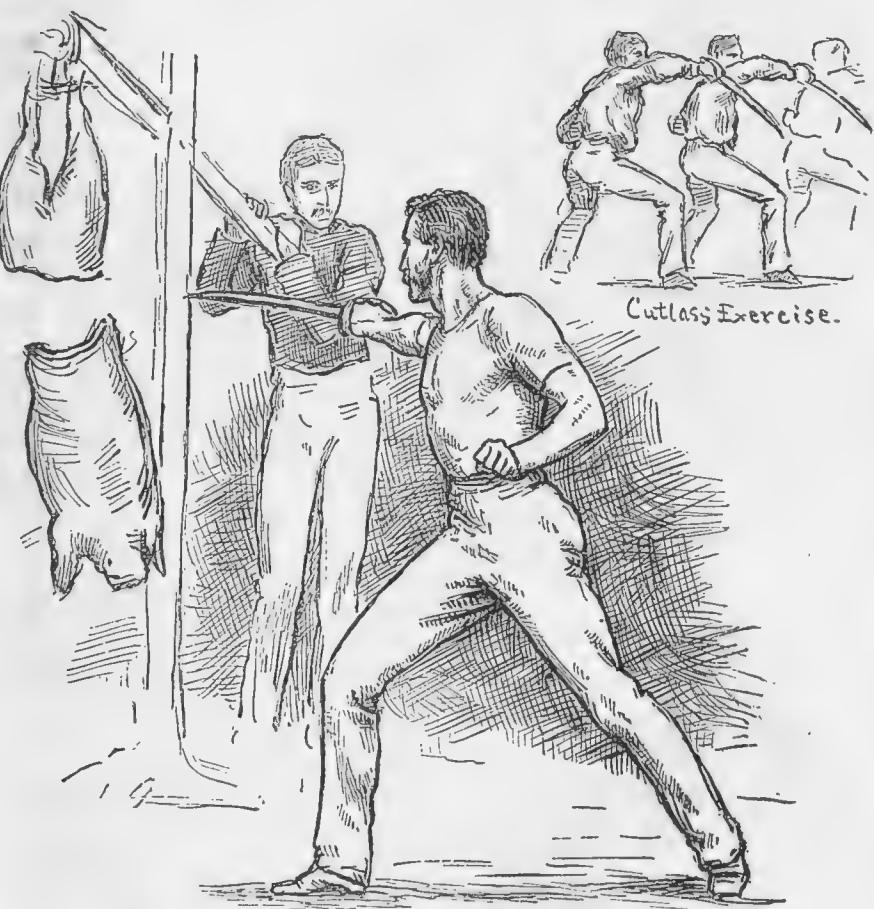
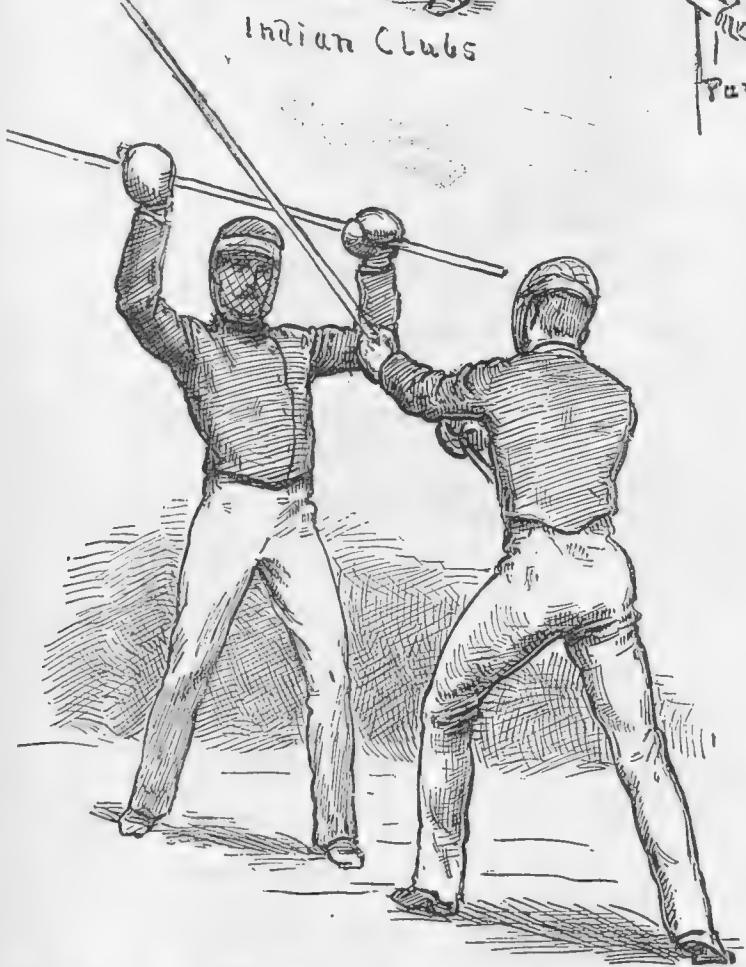
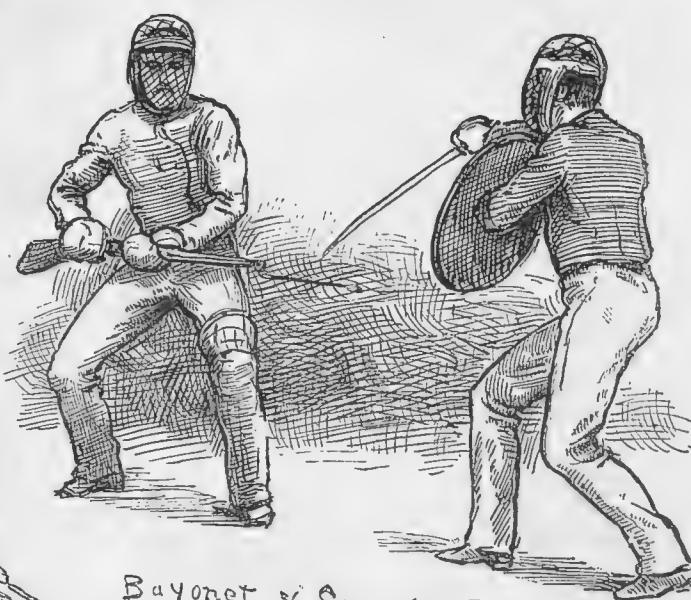
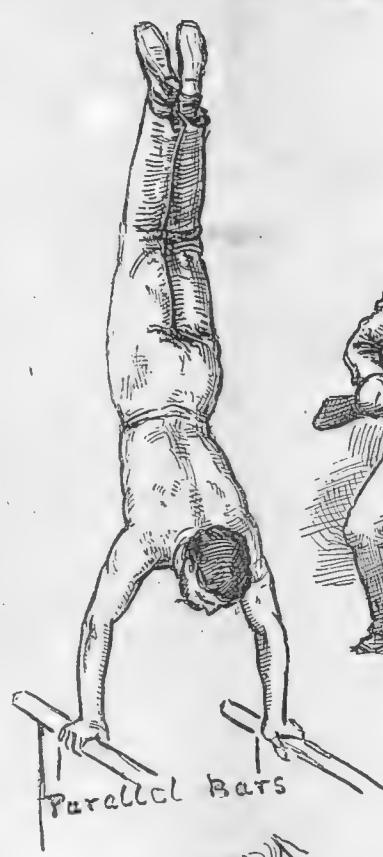
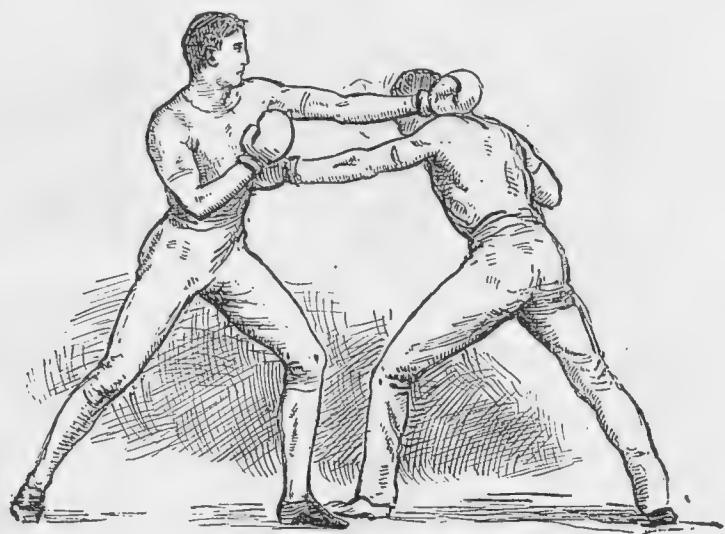
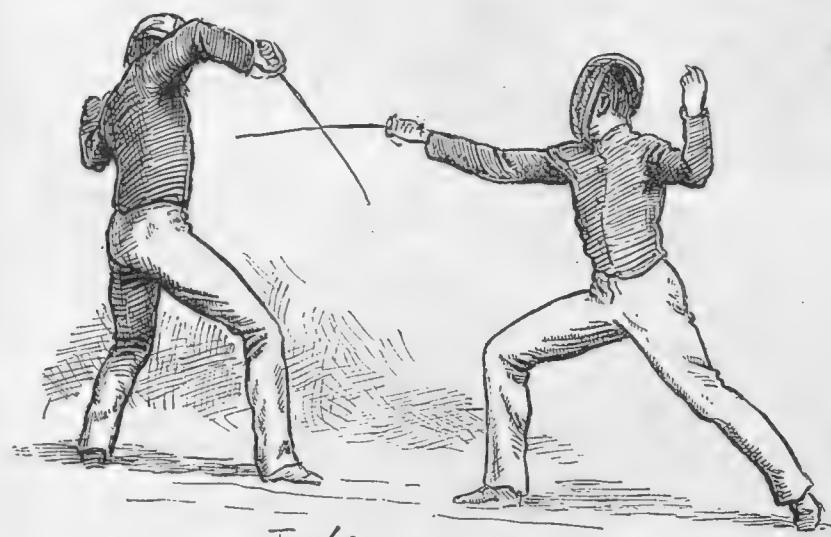
I wondered would she ever  
Be all to me beside.

Subsequently he informed us (again in questionable English)—  
I bid (sic) her not so tremble,  
I loved but one alone;  
I could not so disseminate,  
Ah! now she's all my own.

Poor young lady! Well might she "so tremble" at her lover's assassinations of the Queen's English!

CHEAP POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Every gentleman who appreciates the luxury of a real Irish linen cambric handkerchief should write to Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, for samples (post-free) of their gents' fine linen cambric, hemmed for use, at 8s. 11d. per dozen, and their gentlemen's hem-stitched handkerchiefs (now so much worn), beautifully fine, at 1s. od per dozen. By so doing a genuine article (all pure flax) will be secured, and a saving effected of at least 50 per cent.—[ADVR.]

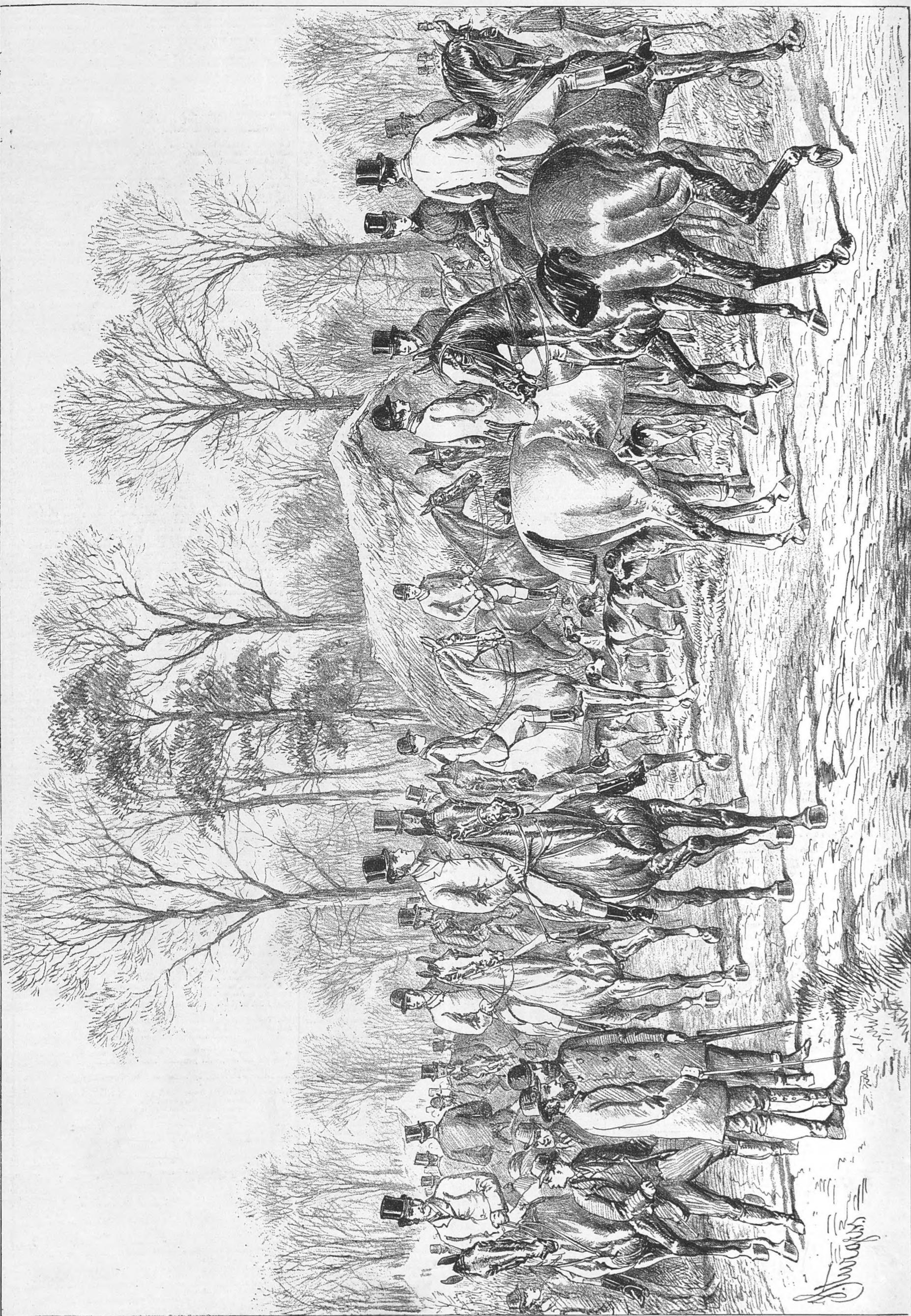
DOGS OF ALL AGES AND BREEDS ARE SUBJECT TO WORMS. SYMPTOMS: Unhealthy appearance of coat, hair looking dead and not lying smoothly; condition bad although appetite good, spirits dull, nose hot and dry, and breath offensive. One dose of NALDIRE'S POWDER removes worms within an hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach and producing first-rate condition. "Khiwlas, Hala, North Wales, September 21, 1874—I gave a NALDIRE'S POWDER to a colley on Saturday last, and in ten minutes he evacuated a tapeworm 30 yards 2 feet in length. I consider the Powder effectual.—R. J. LLOYD PRICE." NALDIRE'S POWDERS are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and on receipt of stamps by BARCLAY AND SONS, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVR.]



Cutting the sheep.

Foil

Quarter-staff



THE PYTCHELY AT CRICK.

## "LOVE HATH LOWLY HAUNTS."

LOVE-LORN, and pensive, the minstrel has thrown himself indolently down upon the flower-perfumed grass in a quiet nook of the garden. For he had no heart for the invention of witty words to meet the gay raillery of ladies, from whose bower he had strolled—not he. He is captive and desponding. They are without care, or anxiety, free and merry. He yearns for looks and sighs of voiceless sympathy; the soft pressure of hands and lips, the whispering of joy-giving secrets. He wants no bevy of sprightly beauties to tease him with merry mocking banter, and musical chorus of laughter—not he. He wants one only—she who comes stealthily after him, with her merry and sly companions. She who bears the peacock's feathers, which, one after another, lightly as falling thistledown, float through the warm sunny air to his lazy feet; each with its gaudy eye wide open, as his are not, for he is dreaming to music, a day dream of love and tenderness, and sees them not. A pretty picture with a well told story, is this, our skilful artist's clever illustration, "Love Hath Lowly Haunts."

## THE THANET HARRIERS.

ONCE more the ball has been set rolling, and this smart little pack has entered upon a new season, under the able mastership of Captain Johnson, of Sarre Court. Without harking back to its past history, the Thanet Hunt has always given a good account of itself, and there is every prospect of its continuing to flourish, with the present holder of the horn at the head of affairs. To inaugurate the season in good old style, it was announced that Colonel Whitehead, of Cliff End Hall, would entertain the members of the hunt at luncheon on the occasion of the opening meet. It was not a hunting day, unfortunately. The field was, consequently, a small one, the inclemency of the weather being such as to deprive those present of any chance of a good run. In fact the attendance was entirely confined to the sterner sex; but it is certain there would have been more than one fair equestrian present had the elements proved more propitious. But although the day was disappointing in a sporting sense, the hearty welcome of the Colored put everybody in good humour, and there was feasting in such royal style that the day will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present. Speaking of Cliff End Hall, where the festivities were held, there are few country houses that can boast of more perfection in all the arrangements, and Colonel Whitehead is much to be complimented on the good taste displayed in the decorations, as in all the other surroundings.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## MANCHESTER NOVEMBER MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The EGLINTON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Six furlongs.  
Mr. Barlow's b c Knighthood (h b), by Knight of the Garter—Hesperia, 6st ..... Lemire 1  
Mr. R. Shiers' Nutboby, 6st 1lb ..... Tomlinson 2  
Mr. W. Harris's Musical Times, 7st 12lb ..... J. Macdonald 3  
Also ran: Highland Mary, 7st 7lb (car 7s 8lb); Lorna Doone, 7st; Camera, st; Ellora, 6st 1lb; Nightmare, 6st 7lb. 4 to 1 agst Musical Times, 5 to 1 each agst Highland Mary, Lorna Doone and Camera, and 7 to 1 agst Ellora. Won easily by three lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The PHILIPS' SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs, straight.  
Mr. W. Oakes's b g Spectator, by Speculum—Sham Fight, 6 yrs, 8st ..... J. Macdonald 1  
Mr. F. Davis's Lady Honey, 3 yrs 6st 12lb ..... Andrews 2  
Mr. W. Warington's R. valet, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb ..... Lemaire 3  
Also ran: Macadam, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; Little Bee, 5 yrs, 8st 1lb; Quietude, 5 yrs, 7 st 1lb; Sweet Verbena, 5 yrs, 7st 1lb; Lady Grace, 4 yrs, 7st; Polenta, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb. 2 to 1 agst Lady Honey, 8 to 1 each agst Macadam, Speculator, Sweet Verbena, and Lady Grace, and 10 to 1 each agst Polenta, and Quiet d. Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths separated second and third.

The WILTON PLATE of 100 sovs (Handicap). Five furlongs, straight.  
Mr. Cooper's ch m Mayfa r, by Marquis—May Queen, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb (inc 10lb ex) ..... J. Macdonald 1  
Mr. J. Bambridge's Elsham Lad, 5 yrs, 7st ..... Morgan 2  
Also ran: Grand Plan ur, aged, 6st 3lb; Kismet, 6 yrs, 6st 1lb; Telescope, 5 yrs, 8st; Ladybird, 5 yrs, 6st 8lb; Vindictive, 1 yrs, 5st 12lb; Indian Warrior, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb (car 6st 1lb). 4 to 4 agst Mayfa r, 4 to 1 agst Elsham Lad, 5 to 1 agst Kismet, 6 to 1 agst Telescope, and 7 to 1 agst Grand Flaneur. Won in a canter by half a length; four lengths between second and third.

The COPELAND NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, for two-year-olds. Straight half mile.  
Mr. W. Metcalfe's ch c Wandering Willie, by Glenlyon—Louisa, 7st 2lb ..... Tomlinson 1  
Capt. Archdale's La Fiancee, 8st ..... Chesterman 2  
Mr. Hawkridge's Queen or Diana ds, 6st 7lb ..... Howey 3  
Also ran: Lorna Doone, 6st 13lb; Lord Glenlyon, 6st 4lb; Pe chancie, 6st 12lb. 5 to 4 agst La Fiancee, 4 to 1 agst Wandering Willie, 7 to 1 agst Queen of Diamonds, and 10 to 8 agst Lorna Doone. Won by a neck; a bad third.

The SELLING WELTER PLATE of 100 sovs (Handicap). Five furlongs, straight.  
Mr. W. Oakes's b f My Nannie O, by Palmer—Jenny Jones, 3 yrs, 9st 1lb ..... Morgan 1  
Mr. T. Green's Bogie, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb ..... Snowden 2  
Mr. A. Gwynne's Highland Laddie, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb ..... Parkinson 3  
Also ran: Bayard, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb; Unicorn, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb; Miss Croft, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (car 8st 13lb); Lady Claving, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb; Caro, 6 yrs, 6st 12lb; Winifred, 6 yrs, 5 to 2 agst Highland Laddie, 5 to 1 agst Begie, 6 to 1 each agst My Nannie O and Unicorn, and 100 to 15 agst Winifred. Won by half a length: a head only separated second and third. The winner was bought in for 125gs.

The MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP of 15 sovs each; about one mile and a half.

Duke of Montrose's b c Hopbloom, by Parmesan out of Cognisance, 4 yrs, 7st 1lb ..... Chesterman 1  
Mr. W. Brown's Mars, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb, (car 7st 8lb) ..... Fagan 2  
Mr. Gomm's Advance, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb ..... Hemming 3  
Also ran: Kineton, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb; Chevel-y, 5 yrs, 7st; Fontarabian, aged, 7st; Bugle March, 6 yrs, 6st 6lb (car 6st 10lb); Knight Templar, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb; Tentegate, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb; Ivy, 3 yrs, 6st; Glory, 5 yrs, 5st 10lb (car 5st 12lb). 7 to 2 agst Ivy, 4 to 1 each agst Hopbloom and Tentegate, 6 to 1 agst Advance, 10 to 1 each agst Kineton and Bugle March, 10 to 7 agst Knight Templar, 20 to 1 each agst Glory and Mars, and 33 to 1 agst Fontarabian. Won in a canter by four lengths; a bad third.

The BUCKLEY SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; straight half mile.  
Mr. W. Sanderson's b f by Paul Jones out of Cornu, 7st 6lb ..... Collins 1  
Mr. Howsin's b c by Strathconan out of Traffic, 7st 2lb ..... J. Edards 2  
Mr. R. Howell's Violet Melrose, 8st 8lb ..... Barlow 3  
Also ran: Miser, 8st 10lb; Daggers Drawn, 8st 7b; b f Stephanie, 8st; Corona, 7st 10lb; Miss Annie II, 7st 2lb; Knight of the Garter out of Hawthorn's dam, 7st 9lb; Tibthorpe out of Refinement, 7st 8lb; Belle of Sutherland, 7st 8lb; Alsace, 7st 6lb; Joachim, 7st 2lb; Scottie, 7st 2lb; Wild Aggie, 7st 1lb; Britannia, 6st 9lb. 6 to 1 agst Corona, 7 to 1 agst the Traffic colt, 8 to 1 each agst Miser, Violet Melrose, the Refinement colt, Alsace, and the Corru filly, and 100 to 8 agst others. The Traffic colt and Violet Melrose, were in front throughout, and won easily by two lengths; one length between second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Cheese for 160gs.

The WINDING-UP WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; five furlongs, straight.  
Mr. W. Oakes's Elsham Lad, by Broomielaw out of Elsham Lass, 5 yrs, 10st 1lb (inc 4lb extra) ..... Morgan 1  
Mr. Hornastle's Clara, aged, 9st 10lb (inc 4lb ex) ..... Heslop 2  
Mr. E. Grey's Medora, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (inc 4lb ex) ..... Mordan 3  
Also ran: Myfield, 1 yrs, 9st 11lb (inc 4lb ex); Labyrinth, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb (including 4lb extra); King Offa, aged, 9st 10lb (inc 4lb ex); Cannon Ball, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (inc 4lb ex); Baroness Angela, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb (including 4lb ex); Queensland 4 yrs, 8st 6lb (inc 4lb ex); Sundial, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (inc 4lb ex). 3 to 2 agst Mayfield, 4 to 1 agst Medora, 9 to 2 agst Sundial, 100 to 15 agst Elsham Lad, and 100 to 8 each agst Young Sydmonton, King Offa, and Baroness Angela. Won easily by a length and a half; half a length between second and third.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

FRIDAY.

The OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each; 2 miles, on the flat.  
Mr. W. Gardner's Ranald, by Lord Clifden—Maid of the Mist, 5 yrs, 13st 5lb ..... Mr. W. H. Johnstone 1  
Mr. Clark's Zaandam, 6 yrs, 13st 7lb ..... Mr. T. Spence 2  
Mr. F. Cotton's b g Marlborough (late Glutton), 6 yrs, 12st 12lb ..... Owmer 3  
Betting: 5 to 4 on Zaandam, 7 to 4 agst Ranald, and 5 to 1 agst Marlborough. Won easily by three lengths; same between second and third.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs each; 2 miles, on the flat.  
Mr. Corder's b g Anacreon, by Vermout—Anecdote, aged, 12st (30 sovs) ..... Mr. G. Walker 1  
Mr. Dalglish's Jack Bragg, 6 yrs, 12st (30) ..... Mr. W. Johnstone 1  
Mr. G. Stockdale's Earldom, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb (30) ..... Mr. J. H. Peart jun. 3  
Mr. J. M. Richardson's Calabar, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb (30) ..... Mr. T. Spence 3  
Betting: 2 to 1 on Anacreon, and 5 to 1 agst Jack Bragg. Won cleverly by a length; a bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. T. Green for 110 guineas.

The CITY SELLING HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each; about one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. F. Bland's br f Abel Miss, by D'Estournel, dam by Augur, 3 yrs, 11st 6lb ..... Owner 1  
Mr. Howsin's Grand Duchess, 5 yrs, 12st ..... Fox 2  
Mr. Richards's Anchorette, 12st 7lb ..... Mr. G. Walker 3  
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Grand Duchess, 7 to 4 agst Abel Miss, and 5 to 2 agst Anchorette. Won in ten lengths. The winner was not sold.

The DUNHAM MASSEY HURDLE HANDICAP of 7 sovs each; about one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. R. Howett's bk h Sir Robert Clifton, by Palmer—Virginia, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb ..... Mr. E. P. Wilson + w.o.  
Mr. Barlow's b m Keepsake, by Speculum out of Memento, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb ..... Barlow +  
Duke of Monrose's Labyrinth, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb ..... Moran 3  
Mr. W. Burton's Evening News, aged, 11st 4lb ..... S. Daniels 0  
7 to 4 agst Keepsake, 2 to 1 agst Sir Robert Clifton, 100 to 30 agst Evening news, and 5 to 1 agst Labyrinth. The stakes were divided. Sir Robert Clifton walked over.

The LANCASTER HANDICAP STEEPELCHASE of 10 sovs each; about two miles and a half.

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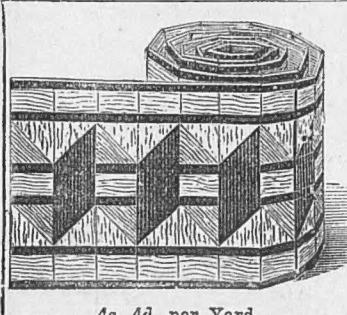
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Mr. Barlow's b m Keepsake, by Speculum out of Memento, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb ..... Barlow +  
Duke of Monrose's Labyrinth, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb ..... Moran 3  
Mr. W. Burton's Evening News, aged, 11st 4lb ..... S. Daniels 0  
7 to 4 agst Keepsake, 2 to 1 agst Sir Robert Clifton, 100 to 30 agst Evening news, and 5 to 1 agst Labyrinth. The stakes were divided. Sir Robert Clifton walked over.

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Duke of Monrose's Labyrinth, 4 yrs, 12st



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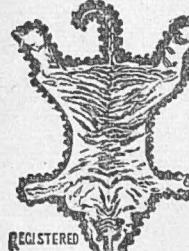
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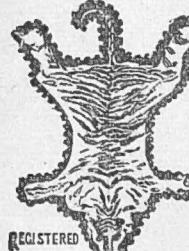
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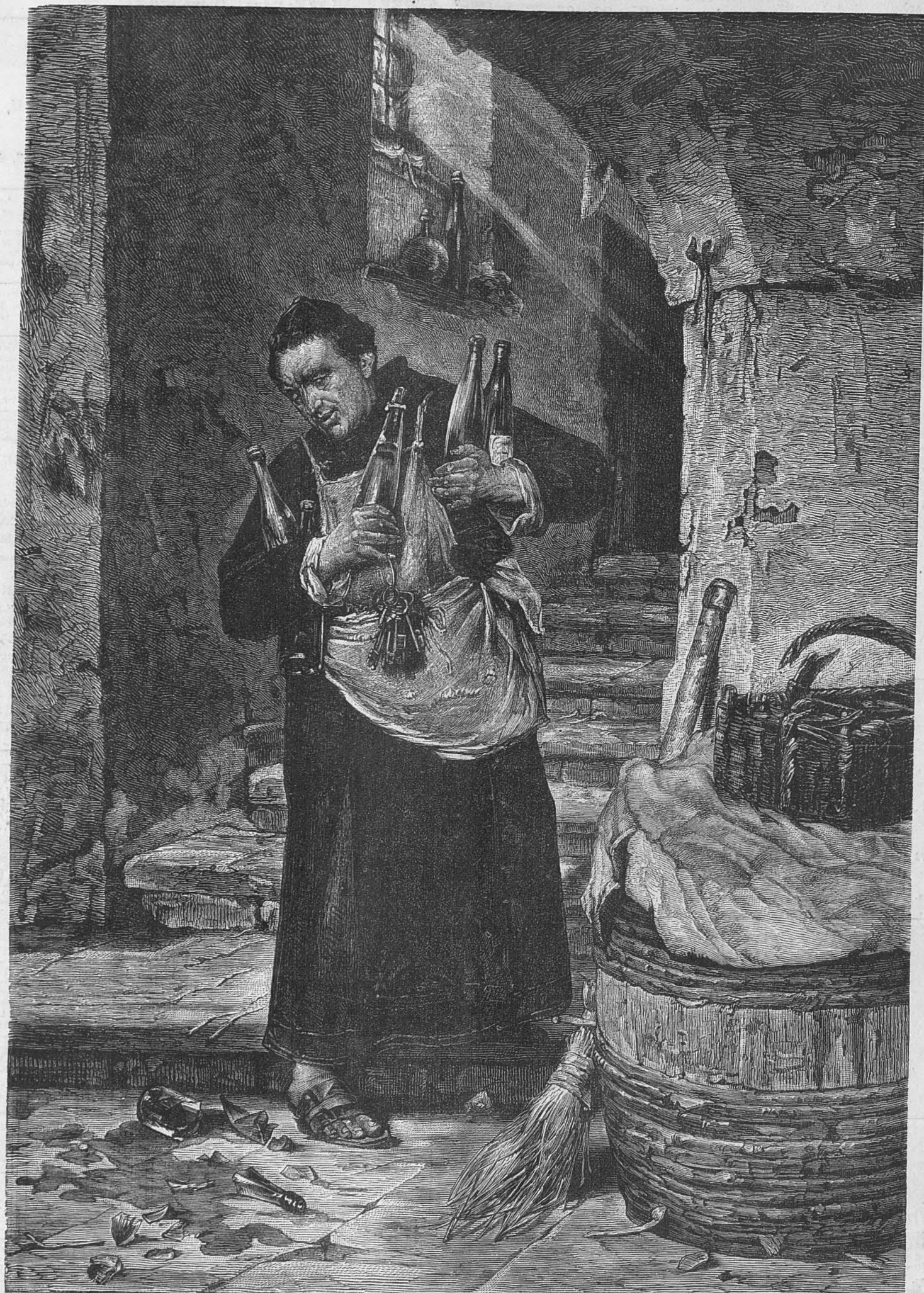
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